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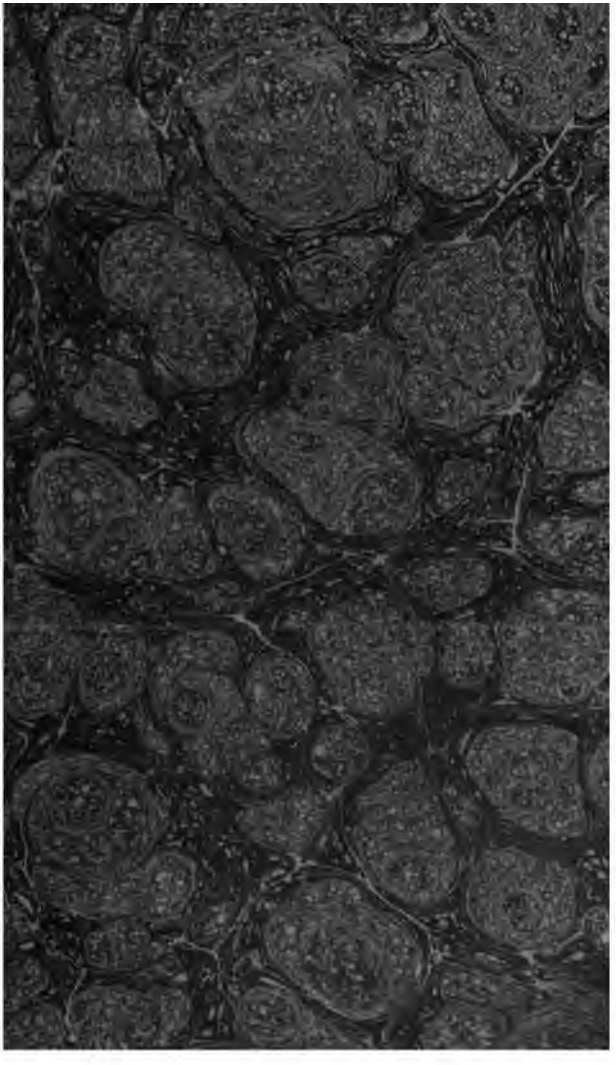
*Hastings - Nathaniel Middleton*



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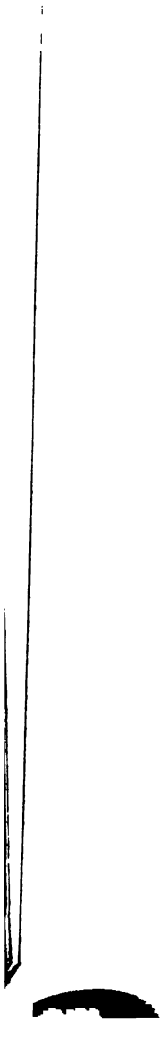

# POEMS

AND

# PLAYS,

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE LADY JERNINGHAM

THE

# *SHAKSPEARE GALLERY,*

*&c.*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem does not paſs any judgment upon the Pictures that are now exhibited in the Gallery; but attempts to point out new ſubjects for future Exhibitions: And, in the delineation of new ſubjects, attention is paid to the principle laid down by our late great Painter, (in his notes to the tranſlation of Freſnoy by Mr. MASON) "That palpable ſituation "is preferable to curious ſentiment, as the Painter "ſpeaks to the eye."

THE

# SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

As mus'd the Prophet near mild CHEBAR's ſtream *,
And pray'd his God to dart th' enlight'ning gleam,
Abrupt-deſcending from his airy height,
A form angelic ruſh'd upon his ſight!
With ſmiling lip he cheer'd the hallow'd Sire,
And bad his ſoul to Heav'n's beſt gift aſpire:
Then, with ſtrong hand, he graſp'd his ſilver hair,
And ſwift convey'd him thro' the yielding air,

* EZEKIEL, Chap. 8th.

Along the unknown region of the ſky,
The dread, myſterious, deep abyſs on high.
There Inſpiration her bright cloud withdrew,
And pour'd her viſions on his daring view:
Then on his rapture-kindled eye aroſe
Thoſe forms of ſplendor, thoſe terrific ſhows,
With which he peopled his celeſtial dream,
And ſwell'd his proud magnificence of theme.
To ENGLAND's Leading Bard thus Genius came,
Envelop'd in a robe of holy flame,
And bore him, with a whirlwind's rapid force,
Beyond the ſolar road, and ſtarry courſe;
From which far tow'ring and tremendous height
(While now he hovers with ſuſpended flight)
The Poet view'd, as on a ſpacious plain,
Of human paſſions the long ſhadowy train:
'Twas then the favor'd Bard receiv'd the lore,
(Whoſe myſtic veil was ne'er remov'd before)
That revelation to his inſtinct giv'n,
That ray from GOD, the energy of Heav'n.

To his illumin'd ſight was then conſign'd
The deep receſſes of the Human Mind;
The ever-varying path of tortuous Art,
And the dark paſſage to the Tyrant's heart;
Th' umbrageous winding of the thorny road,
That leads to quick-ey'd Jealouſy's abode;
The gath'ring ſtorms that o'er Reſentment roll;
The ſwelling waves that toſs the fearful ſoul;
The calm that breathes around the Infant's reſt,
The rugged cavern of the Murd'rer's breaſt;
The dread materials by the Furies brought,
With which are forg'd Deſpair's tempeſtuous thought;
The ſhaft, that, mingling pleaſure with the pain,
Bathes in the blood that warms the Lover's vein.

Oh Thou! th' IMPERIAL GENIUS of our land!
Take a freſh garland from thy country's hand;
Triumphs unknown ſhe haſtens to proclaim,
And ſtamp a new-born era on thy fame!

Too long, as with the iron power of Fate,
Hath Cuſtom bolted the Hiſtoric Gate;
Enlighten'd BOYDELL burſts th' oppoſing bar,
On their rude hinge the pond'rous portals jar;
While the rapt Arts ſalute, with loud acclaim,
This rich acceſſion to their riſing name.
Genius of PAINTING! thy bright car aſcend,
Bid glowing Energy thy ſteps attend,
Triumphant ride thro' the unrifled land,
And ſeize thy plunder with victorious hand.

Oft have we heard the pure of taſte complain
Of mawkiſh Portraiture's eternal reign;
Of exhibitions which the art diſgrace,
And pall the eye with many a vacant face.
Let Miniature erect her fairy ſchool,
And 'mid her gewgaws unmoleſted rule;
Let her bright dome each pleas'd Narciſſus ſeek,
To her let Beauty hold her ſummer cheek!

Let her delineate, on her iv'ry plane,
The nuptial ſimper of the happy ſwain!
From theſe we turn to ſcenes of higher aim,
Where Eagle-Genius ſoars to nobler game;
Where Fancy, Reaſon, Taſte, in one conjoin'd,
Unfold the workings of th' impaſſion'd mind.
Now to the laurell'd, academic band,
To ev'ry Artiſt's emulative hand,
Munificence upholds her ſacred prize,
And bids the daring reach it from the ſkies.

While Expectation lifts the thought on high,
Methinks I view, with a prophetic eye,
In ſolemn ſtate aſcend that ſplendid Dome,
Where the proud Arts ſhall find an equal home;
Where, at the opening of ſome glorious day,
The Engliſh mind its treaſures ſhall diſplay;
While they, whoſe taſte is ſway'd by Rigor's rule,
Shall mark the wonders of the Albion School *.

* Another gallery is to be erected, for the purpoſe of receiving the whole collection, when completed.

If time ſhou'd e'er obliterate the gold
Of SHAKSPEARE'S language, caſt in Vigor's mould,
Here ſhall, inveſted in their various guiſe,
The throng of his departed Forms ariſe!
The ſplendid forms his mind luxuriant drew,
The bold creations he held forth to view,
As from their grave ſhall burſt the num'rous hoſt,
And on theſe walls a new exiſtence boaſt.
Here ſhall be ſeen, in all her charms array'd,
Th' impreſſive figure of VERONA'S Maid *:
Clos'd in the dreary vault where ſleep the dead,
Wrapp'd in the night-dreſs of the fun'ral bed,
She breaks abruptly from her iron trance,
And ſends around a terror-rolling glance:
A mournful, ſolitary lamp ſhall throw
A ſickly glimm'ring o'er the houſe of woe,
And ſhall the wretched PARIS give to view,
Stretch'd on the ground, with mien of ghaſtly hue:

* JULIET.

Then ſhall a deeper ſpectacle diſplay,
And hang o'er ROMEO with reluctant ray,
Diſcloſing his wan lips, devoid of breath,
And faint-ros'd cheek, ſtill beautiful in death:
Then ſhall the beam, with weaken'd effort, ſhed
A fading glory on the FRIAR's head.

She too ſhall ornament the pictur'd ſcene,
The deſtin'd victim of ITALIAN ſpleen *:
See the baſe wretch perform his treach'rous part,
With all the ſubtlety of finiſh'd art!
Behold him bending o'er the ſleeping Maid,
Her holy form to his reſearch betray'd!
Eager ſome ſecret notice to retail,
With rav'nous aim he lifts the ſlender veil,
And leering marks, by Nature's hand impreſt,
The mole cinque-ſpotted on her ſnowy breaſt;
Whoſe ſcatter'd drops to the rapt eye excel
The crimſon ſpots within the cowſlip's bell.

* IMOGEN.

Here too, as patient as the meek-ey'd dove,
Shall ſtand the Maid who "never told her love *;"
Who, to her coy and fearful boſom true,
(As th' unſeen worm, that pales the bloſſom's hue)
Still let concealment on her beauty prey,
Like ſnow diſſolving ſilently away.

Now, at the magic Painter's wild command,
Girt with the ſea, aſcends th' Enchanted Land!
There ſtands Simplicity's endearing Child †,
That artleſs Maid! the flow'ret of the wild!
Beſide the margin of the wave-vex'd ſhore,
While all around conflicting thunders roar,
With unbound treſſes, flutt'ring to the wind,
Her eye expreſſive of her tortur'd mind,
She views the veſſel, by the ſurges toſt,
Now ſeen—now loſt—now found—now once more loſt:
Till, madly ruſhing on the pointed rock,
Its boſom riven with the forceful ſhock,

* VIOLA. † MIRANDA.

Beyond the ſtretch of naval art to ſave,
Down, down, it hurries to the watery grave!

Now PROSPERO comes, with magic arts endu'd,
His ſable garb with hieroglyphics ſtrew'd;
Long care, long ſtudy, ſolitude profound,
Has deepen'd on his brow reflection's wound;
His low-deſcending hair, o'erblanch'd with age,
Becomes the Sorc'rer, and adorns the Sage:
Ah! view him at that dread, momentous hour,
While he abjures his necromantic pow'r!
Within the ring of Incantation's ground,
Elves, Fairies, Spirits, Demons, flock around:
Beneath his foot behold the potent wand,
Doom'd ne'er again to grace his lifted hand!
Behold the volume, which (with myſt'ry fraught)
Predeſtination's darkling edicts taught,
And breath'd its ſolemn whiſpers on the mind,
With duſt o'erſpread, and to neglect conſign'd!

Yet then the diſtant ſcenery imparts
A dire remembrance of his former arts:
The bright ſun fading in his full career,
The wild ſtars madly ſtarting from their ſphere,
The ſtorm-encumber'd ſky, the ſwelling main,
Th' uprooted cedars ſtretching o'er the plain,
The mountain looſen'd by convulſive throe,
With ruin ruſhing to the vale below,
And the pale wretch, reverſing Nature's doom,
Abruptly riſing from the rifted tomb!

What glowing Artiſt with bold hand ſhall claim
To draw, Oh ARIEL! thy reſplendent frame?
Thou trickſy Spirit with benignant ſmile,
Thou playful meteor of th' Enchanted Iſle!
Not like a ſea-nymph, rob'd in ſickly green,
With dappled wings, as on the Stage thou'rt ſeen,
A gay tranſparency ſhalt thou appear,
Thy form celeſtial melting into air,

With foot light-touching ſome fantaſtic height,
Prompt to depart, and ſtretching to thy flight.

Yet, ere we ſail from this Enchanted Iſle,
Let other ſcenes our ling'ring ſteps beguile:
There ſtands ANTHONIO, the ſuggeſting fiend,
And half reveals his purpoſe to his friend;
His boſom ſwells, his madd'ning eye-balls roll,
And ſhew the workings of his inmoſt ſoul.
All that his lawleſs, wild conceptions dare,
In various forms hang hov'ring in the air:
A ſword freſh-tainted with ALONZO's blood,
A ſceptre ſwimming in a crimſon flood,
A crown with dazzling ornaments o'erſpread,
And lightly floating o'er SEBASTIAN's head;
While, in the diſtance, riſing o'er the bay,
Imperial Naples ſhall her tow'rs diſplay.

Lo! now, advancing on the mimic ſcene,
Comes forth to view the fam'd Egyptian Queen *;
While anxious doubts her Soldier's mind perplex,
Behold her riſe inſtructive to her ſex!
Ah, not ſuperior! for the female heart
Endures with fortitude the ſuff'ring part.
Tow'ring beyond the flight of tim'rous love,
She bids her Warrior from her ſight remove;
She points her finger to the martial plain,
Points to the active and the daring train:
The threat'ning axes which the Faſces bear;
The gorgeous ſtreamers ſwelling to the air;
Of buſy legions the thick murm'ring ſwarms;
The thronging ſhields, and high emblazon'd arms;
Th' encumbering elephant, the rapid ſteed,
And ſpoils of former conqueſt, Glory's meed;
Fluſh'd Conqueſt, riding in his trophied car,
And all the dread magnificence of war.

* ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act 1ſt, Scene 3d, *the end.*

Now ſhall the fell, tremendous act be done:
The THANE * appears!—the warning clock ſtrikes One!
His daring, wild imaginings create
(Such the hot chaos of his mental ſtate)
The air-born dagger, and diſplay to view
The point obſcene, diſtain'd with crimſon hue.

Still, as we gaze, ſhall new creations riſe,
And varying ſceneries prolong ſurpriſe:
Ere yet the ſky-lark leaves his lowly bed,
Bright on the miſt-encircled mountain's head,
See jocund Day on airy tiptoe ſtand,
And ope the gates of Heav'n with radiant hand!

Now, like two lions litter'd on one day †,
Who range the dreary wilds, and ſhare the prey,
I ſee, in dreadful harmony combin'd,
Th' illuſtrious Pair who dignify mankind!

* MACBETH.

† JULIUS CÆSAR, Act 4th, Scene 3d.

The ſummer-cloud, that dimm'd their friendſhip's ray
The paſſing ſummer-gale hath borne away;
Yet CASSIUS then upbraids th' unmanly grief,
That from the moral Porch claims no relief:
With low'ring aſpect, but with tearleſs eyes,
The grief-torn, inly-bleeding friend replies:
" Ah! not in vain was I with Stoics bred,
" For yet art thou to learn, that PORTIA's dead."

The hair-diſhevell'd Propheteſs of Troy *
Shall next the Painter's hallow'd hand employ:
She with bold Divination's meteor-eye,
Pervades the awful ſecrets of the ſky;
The woes of her lov'd country ſhe foretels,
And on her brother's death prolixly dwells.
ANDROMACHE, impreſs'd with tender fears,
At the prophetic ſtrain diſſolves in tears;
While HECTOR's ſcorn-denouncing looks upbraid
The vapoury day-dreams of the wild'ring Maid:

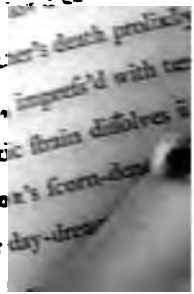
* TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act 5th, Scene 3d.

While PRIAM, bending at the weight of age,
Rever'd, parental, patriarchal Sage!
Half credits, half rejects, the tragic tale,
Till terrors o'er his fading hopes prevail.

Whence yonder radiant form, that charms the eye?
'Tis Expectation, riding through the sky!
A sword-like instrument she waves around,
Enwreath'd with coronets, with chaplets bound,
Prepar'd for HENRY and his faithful train,
Eager to urge the war o'er Gallia's plain.

Behold the Legate from the sacred Dome *,
In the rich garb of sacerdotal Rome!—
CONSTANCE approaches! spurning at relief,
Attir'd in all the negligence of grief:
In her fierce grasp she shews her rooted hair,
Presenting well the image of Despair;

* KING JOHN, Act 3d, Scene 4th.



And ſeem to cry aloud, in accents wild,
"He talks to me, who never had a child!"

Mark where the blood-fed lamps, with crimſon ray *,
The ragged entrails of a cave diſplay:
On a dread pile of human bones, her throne,
Sits, in rude pomp, th' emaciated Crone;
She lifts a pale and wither'd hand on high,
And on the Phantom rolls her ſavage eye,
Whoſe doubtful form confounds th' enquiring ſight,
One part reveal'd, the other loſt in night;
From this abhorr'd interpreter of fate,
The Hag demands the future ſtorms of ſtate,
When the Sixth HENRY, prince of dim renown,
Shall loſe, what ill becomes him—England's crown.

Ye, who to martial fame your ſpirit yield,
Who pant to reap the honours of the field,

* HENRY SIXTH, Part II. Act 1ſt, Scene 4th.

See the Third EDWARD, from the mountain's brow,
Survey, with madd'ning glance, the plain below:
He there beholds (by ſacred Glory won)
In Danger's van his dear and godlike Son:
He views with wonder, and with mingled fear,
(His eye-lid gliſt'ning with Affection's tear)
With pride, applauſe, and with a Father's joy,
The firſt achievements of th' immortal Boy *!

Lo! the Eighth HENRY, from his doubts releas'd,
Devotes to infamy th' aſpiring Prieſt †:
The Monarch hails him as he paſſes by,
With ruin leaping from his threat'ning eye:
The Prelate, ſtruck as by the blaſt of Death,
Looks the ſcath'd oak upon the naked heath.
The diſtant ſcene ſhall yield illumin'd night,
With one ſtar falling from its airy height,

* HENRY FIFTH, Act 1ſt, Scene 2d.

† HENRY EIGHTH, Act 3d, Scene 2d.

Thy emblem, WOLSEY !—thou waſt England's ſtar,
And thy rich luſtre dazzled from afar;
Till thou (too daring) waſt, by public hate,
Flung from the ſplendor of thy tow'ring ſtate.

With fearful ſteps we now approach the bed
Where Scotland's King reclines his weary head:
Mark, mark the ſavage Thane's * more ſavage Wife,
Who brandiſhes aloft the thirſty knife!
One moment—and the victim is no more;
One moment—and he welters in his gore!
When ſudden, thro' her ſoul's encircling night,
Flaſhes a glimm'ring of a moral light:
O'er the calm features of the ſleeping Gueſt
She ſees her Father's image full expreſt †!
'Tis Nature's miracle!—the Fiend relents,
Her alter'd mien a ſickly ſmile preſents;

* MACBETH.

† Act 2d, Scene 2d.——LADY MACBETH. "Had he not reſembled my Father as he ſlept, I had don't."

Affection ſubjugates her lawleſs ſoul,
Her boſom heaves, and tears begin to roll.

Say, to whoſe proud ambition ſhall be giv'n
A pencil glowing with the tints of Heav'n,
With which the wild Enthuſiaſt ſhall aſpire
To body forth th' ecſtatic Muſe of Fire *?
At the gay opening of the ſplendid ſky
The Seraph enters, with commanding eye,
Her radiant viſitant Invention hails,
And all her waſte magnificence reveals:
A diamond-rock ſuſtains the gorgeous Queen,
That flings a brilliance o'er th' expanſive ſcene;
The various Arts their ſovereign Miſtreſs own,
And bend with low obeiſance at her throne:

* HENRY FIFTH, the Prologue.

" O for a Muſe of Fire, that would aſcend
" The brighteſt heaven of Invention!"

See, to the Muſe the Goddeſs holds a crown,
Bright on whoſe front is character'd "RENOWN!"

A ſubject now unfolds of meeker claim *,
Yet ſeeks the heart with unreſiſted aim:
The faithful Servant on the ſcene appears,
Impreſs'd, but not o'ercharg'd with weight of years:
The glow of health ſtill bluſhes on his cheek,
As on the winter-fruit the ruddy ſtreak:
His tearful eyes his Maſter's wants behold,
And to thoſe wants he yields the hoarded gold:
Methinks he ſays, "With this thy care aſſuage;
"For me, let Him be comfort to my age,
"Whoſe tender providence the Raven feeds,
"And to the Sparrow yields the daily ſeeds."

See where the chiſel, with victorious ſtrife,
Has urg'd the torpid matter into life!

* AS YOU LIKE IT, Act 2d, Scene 3d.

Lo! the bold Roman to our view conſign'd,
His air reflective of his haughty mind;
Spite of the foldings of a mean diſguiſe,
His frame majeſtic ſtrikes th' admiring eyes:
So the tall veſſel, ſhatter'd by the ſtorm,
Retains her native dignity of form:
Behold him, at the hour of conſcious pride,
And prompting worth, to confidence allied,
What time he utters, with commanding air,
"My name breathes terror on a Volſcian ear!"
This high, heroic taſk, by Genius plann'd,
Avows th' impreſſion of a female hand *:
Illuſtrious DAMER! tho' thy ſplendid name
Decks, like a ſtar, the pinnacle of fame,
Yet only they who mark, with aſpect near,
The humbler orb of thy domeſtic ſphere,

* See the Baſſo-Relievo by the Honourable ANN DAMER.—CORIOLANUS, Act 4th, Scene 5th.

Can tell (from all the rougher parts refin'd)
How Learning ſits enamell'd on thy mind:
How ſtill, thro' various life's eventful ſcene,
Thy friendſhip wears th' unfading robe of green! —

NOR ſhall each taſk unfold the ſolemn ſcene
Hung with the drap'ry of the Tragic Queen:
With airy ſtep THALIA ſhall advance,
And dart around her grief-expelling glance,
Group the fantaſtic forms of Humour's court,
And bid the Pleaſures o'er the landſcape ſport.
Where'er our Bard diſplays his magic pow'rs,
Where'er he treads, ariſe ſpontaneous flow'rs,
Which o'er the pallet brighter tints ſhall throw,
While the live pencil drinks a richer glow.
See where the Birds forſake the realms of air *,
And to yon melancholy ſpot repair;

* See the Poems.—"The Paſſionate Pilgrim," at the end.

Where preſs the bier thoſe images of love,
The radiant Phenix and the faithful Dove:
Juſt o'er the ſummit of the funeral pyre,
Wak'd by the gale, aſcends the ſacred fire.
There Philomela ſwells her little throat,
To grace the requiem with her ſaddeſt note:
There too the pitying Red-breaſt ſhall be ſeen,
And in his bill a leaf of pureſt green:
The Swallow ſhall his circling ſport forego,
And join this meek ſociety of woe:
The joyous Sky-lark, by compaſſion won,
Shall check his wonted anthem to the ſun,
And, ſwift-deſcending from his radiant height,
Devote his muſic to the hallow'd rite.
E'en birds ſhall here be ſeen of ampler form,
Who ſlowly ſail, and dare the gath'ring ſtorm:
The Vulture here ſhall come, at Sorrow's call,
And the dark Raven ſpread his hov'ring pall:

The Bird of JOVE ſhall from his heav'n deſcend,
And with this train his awful preſence blend.

Ye who, with finer ſympathies impreſt,
Avow th' immaculate and feeling breaſt,
O white-ſtol'd Virgins! in long order move,
True to the ritual of the cypreſs grove;
And, while your ſouls with chaſte affection burn,
With garlands deck the emblematic urn.

Ah! now the zeal that warms my throbbing heart
For all who honor the Poetic Art,
Ferments my boſom to this ſtrong deſire,
That He who led the Bard's theatric quire,
Whom England mourns—recording ſtill his name,
Who grappled to his own his SHAKSPEARE's fame,
That He, by Sculptor imag'd, here may ſtand,
In act to ſpeak what his great Idol plann'd.

Thus have we travers'd the extenſive plain,
Mark'd where the mine contains the ſwelling vein;
Mark'd where the choſen trees their branches ſhoot,
And pluck'd the leaves that veil the Golden Fruit * !

* The Reader will be pleaſed with knowing the opinion Mr. BURKE paſſed on this Poem when it firſt appeared. The imagery, in which our great Orator conveys his ſentiment, forms a new and ſublime alluſion to SHAKSPEARE. In a letter, dated BEACONSFIELD, January 1791, he ſays—

"I have not for a long time ſeen any thing ſo well finiſhed. The "Author has caught new fire by approaching in his perihelion ſo "near to the ſun of our poetical ſyſtem."

*Note of the Editor.*

THE FOLLOWING

# L I N E S

Were written on the Occaſion of the late Sir JOSHUA R NOLDS' reſigning the Preſident's Chair at the Royal demy.

YE great diſpenſers of the magic ſtrain,
Whoſe harmony delights almoſt to pain:
Ye rare PROMETHEI, to whoſe hand is giv'n
To ſnatch the flame that warms the breaſt of heav'n
Ye too, ye Bards, illuſtrious heirs of fame,
Who from the ſun your mental lineage claim:
Approach, and ſee a dear and kindred Art
Unhallow'd maxims to her ſons impart;
See her (become wild Faction's ready tool)
Inſult the Father of the modern ſchool.
Yet he firſt enter'd on the barren land,
And rais'd on high ARMIDA's pow'rful wand:

From him the Academics boaſt a name,
He led the way, he ſmooth'd their path to fame:
From him th' inſtructive lore the pupils claim'd,
His doctrine nurtur'd, and his voice inflam'd!
Oh, and is all forgot?—The ſons rebel,
And, REGAN-like, their hallow'd Sire expel.
Cou'd not his faculties, ſo meekly borne,
Arreſt the hand that fix'd the rankling thorn?
Cou'd not the twilight of approaching age,
The ſilver hairs that crown th' indulgent Sage,
Domeſtic virtues, his time-honour'd name,
His radiant works that crowd the dome of fame,
Say, cou'd not theſe ſuppreſs th' opprobrious ſcene,
And charm to ſlumber academic ſpleen?

Mark, mark the period, when the Children ſtung
The Parent's feelings with their ſerpent tongue;
It was while dimneſs veil'd the pow'rs of ſight,
* And ting'd all nature with the gloom of night!

* The calamity here alluded to came ſuddenly upon Sir JOSHUA while he was painting.

(Not many days remov'd) the Maſter came
With wonted zeal to touch the ſwelling theme!
The pregnant canvas his creation caught,
And drank his rich exuberance of thought:
Deck'd with the beams of Inſpiration's ſky,
Glanc'd o'er the work his finely-frenſy'd eye.
— Malignant Fate approach'd — the ſcenes decay,
To him the new creation fades away;
Thick night abruptly ſhades the mimic ſky,
And clouds eternal quench the frenſy'd eye!
Invention ſhudder'd — Taſte ſtood weeping near —
From Fancy's eye-lid guſh'd the glitt'ring tear —
Genius exclaim'd — "My matchleſs loſs deplore,
"The hand of REYNOLDS falls to riſe no more!"

# EPITAPHS.

ON

## Miss JERNINGHAM.

JANUARY 1773.

Ah, venerate this hallow'd ground,
And mark the infant-virtues round!
See Innocence, celeſtial fair,
With Childhood, Heav'n's peculiar care:
See Beauty opening into bloom,
Bending o'er this youthful tomb:
Behold Affection that endears,
And Wit beyond an infant's years,

And Conſtancy (mid mortal pain,
Still, ſtill refuſing to complain)
By Sorrow led, a choral band,
Fix'd on this ſacred ſpot they ſtand!
And as they view this marble ſtone,
Their little Miſtreſs they bemoan.

ON

## JAMES ROBSON,

WHO DIED IN THE TWENTIETH YEAR OF HIS AGE, BY A FALL FROM HIS HORSE.

To mark the hapleſs Youth's diſaſtrous doom,
The ſorrow-wedded Father rears the tomb,
On which a Mother wiſhes to expreſs
The mingled pride that ſwells with her diſtreſs:
For he was all Affection could deſire,
All Duty aſk'd, all Friendſhip could require:
Simplicity was his, with ſtrength of mind,
With ev'ry milder influence combin'd;
While Virtue, ardent to complete the whole,
Diffus'd her magic colour o'er the ſoul!

ON

## Miss HAMILTON.

ENDOW'D with all that Fortune could beſtow;
With brilliancy of wit, and beauty's glow,
FRANCISCA, riſing to her fifteenth year,
Stood mid the virgin train without a peer:
Her conſcious boſom throbb'd to virtue warm,
While diffidence ſtill heighten'd ev'ry charm:
But Heav'n's decree forbad this Beauty's Queen
To act her part thro' beauty's ſhort-liv'd ſcene:
A gradual illneſs on her figure prey'd,
And ſlowly, ſlowly ſunk the fading Maid:
Torn from each wiſh to which her youth aſpir'd,
Unfearing—uncomplaining—ſhe expir'd:
Thus ſome faint lily to its mother-ground
In ſilence falls—while ſpring is blooming round.

# LINES

ON THE

MONUMENT

OF

SIR *JOHN ELLIOT*, M. D.

THUS when the poiſon'd ſhafts of Death are ſped,
The plant of Gilead bends her mournful head:
The holy balm that ſooth'd another's pain
O'er her own wound diſtils its charm in vain.

THE FOLLOWING

# LINES,

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT OF

## *TWO FRIENDS,*

Were written by the GENTLEMAN who erected the Monument, and were tranſlated at his requeſt.

CONCORDES animæ, quondam dum vita manebat
Nunc quoque conjunctos terra ſacrata tegit.

. . . . . .

THEY whom in life the bond of Friendſhip bound,
Here in dread union preſs the funeral ground.

THE

# RISE AND FALL

OF THE

# *NORTHERN POETRY:*

A POEM,

IN TWO PARTS.

TO THE

# EARL of ORFORD.

DEAR SIR,

I AM ambitious of inſcribing this Poem to you, as a ſmall return for the warm commendation you beſtowed upon it, when the Poem was firſt publiſhed. This alſo gives me an opportunity, which I readily embrace, of paying a public teſtimony to the exalted regard with which I remain,

Your faithful humble ſervant,

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE materials that form the Firſt Part of the following Poem are taken from the Scandinavian poetics, The EDDA! In the remarks on the third fable of the Edda, are theſe words, 'A powerful Being had with his breath animated the 'drops out of which the firſt giant was formed. This Being, 'whom the Edda affects not to name, was entirely diſtinct 'from Odin, who had his birth long after the formation of 'the giant Ymir.'—This firſt agent, or Genius, whom the Edda affects not to name, is ſuppoſed, in the following Poem, to create, from his own immediate power, the ſyſtem of the Scaldic mythology. As it would have been impoſſible to introduce the whole ſyſtem without running into a tedious enumeration, the principal features of it are only retained, ſufficient (it is preſumed) to give ſome idea of the character of the northern poetry. Among other omiſſions, the reader will find that no mention is made of *Gimlé*, the manſion of bliſs, that was appropriated to the reception of the virtuous, nor of *Naſtrande*, the abode of the impious; theſe places not being ſuppoſed to exiſt in their full extent till the general deſtruction of the world; whereas the hall of Odin, and the caves of Hela, were peculiarly the Elyſium and the Tartarus of the Runic poetry: they are perpetually referred to in the ancient ſongs of the Scalds, and the wild ſyſtem of theſe contrafted abodes ſeems well calculated to encourage

that ſpirit of war and enterprize which runs through the whole Scandinavian minſtrelſy.

Some expreſſions taken from the Edda may appear obſcure without an explanation.—In the language of the Scalds, the world is ſtiled the great veſſel that floats on the ages.—The rainbow, the bridge of the gods.—To drink the blood of friendſhip, alludes to a ceremony performed by two warriors when they enter into an alliance of friendſhip; they made inciſions in their arms or breaſt, and taſting each other's blood, they mutually ſwore, that the death of the firſt of them who fell in battle ſhould not paſs unrevenged.

To celebrate the maſs of weapons, was to fight againſt the Chriſtians, whoſe religious ſentiments the Scandavians held in contempt, as thinking them adverſe to the ſpirit of war.

The Valkeries are a female troop, whom Odin ſends to the field of battle upon inviſible ſteeds; their function is to chooſe ſuch as are deſtined to ſlaughter, and conduct their ſpirits to the Paradiſe of the Brave.

Fenris is a large wolf, who is to break his chains at the general conflagration, and to ſwallow the ſun.

THE

# RISE AND FALL

OF THE

# *NORTHERN POETRY.*

## PART I.

WHEN urg'd by Deſtiny th' eventful year
Sail'd thro' the portal of the northern ſphere,
Of SCANDINAVIA the rude Genius roſe,
His breaſt deep-lab'ring with creation's throes:
Thrice o'er his head a pow'rful wand he whirl'd,
Then call'd to life a new Poetic world.

Firſt thro' the yawning waves that roar'd around,
Upriſing flow from out the gulph profound,

Amidſt the fury of the beating ſtorm
The giant YMIR heav'd his horrid form.

Now on the ſtormy cloud the rainbow glows,
Where gay Diverſity her colouring throws.
Beyond the ſun the Pow'r now caſt his eyes,
And bade the ſplendid city ASGARD riſe;
Obedient to the loud creative call
She riſes, circled with a cryſtal wall,
Her ſapphire manſions crown'd with opal tow'rs,
O'er which the Pow'r a flood of radiance ſhow'rs.

Now a more daring taſk the Genius plann'd,
He ſeiz'd the rapid lightning in his hand,
And as around the broken rays he flung,
From the fall'n ſpires the gods of ASGARD ſprung.

See the dread Aſh exalt its lofty head,
And o'er a wide extent its umbrage ſhed:

There twelve of ASGARD's gods in cloſe divan
Sit in ſtrict judgment on the deeds of man:
Amidſt the waving boughs enthron'd on high
An eagle ſends around his watchful eye.

Three virgin forms, in ſnowy veſts array'd,
Stand in the deep receſſes of the ſhade,
The rich endowments of whoſe radiant mind
Are by the Pow'r to different acts conſign'd.
He gives to thee, ſage URDA, to reſtore
The ſplendid deeds of times that are no more,
And (faithful as the echo to the ſound)
Repeat tranſactions that were once renown'd.
Clear to thy view, VERNANDI, are unfurl'd
The various ſcenes that fill the extenſive world.
To thee, O SKULDA, the dread pow'r is giv'n,
To read the counſels in the breaſt of heav'n;
With daring forecaſt pierce th' abyſs of time,
And (utt'ring firſt ſome ſtrange myſterious rhyme)

Proclaim which babe, when rear'd to warlike form,
Shall o'er his country roll deſtruction's ſtorm;
And which, directed to a better fate,
Shall riſe the pride and pillar of the ſtate.

Next, at the awful Pow'r's commanding call,
Aroſe to view great ODIN's feſtive hall!
Engrav'd with ſun-beams on the cryſtal gate
Appear'd——

——*Here they reſide in ſplendid ſtate,*
*Who, as they ſlept in death, reclin'd their head*
*On valour's bier, the battle's rugged bed,*
*Who to the bliſs th' intrepid claim aſpir'd,*
*Who welcom'd pain, and with a ſmile expir'd.*

Now as the Genius waves his hallow'd hand
The Valkeries appear, a female band,
Prompt to the ſtorm of lances to repair,
On viewleſs ſteeds to ſcour the fields of air,

Mark as they hover o'er the crowded plain
The choſen chiefs, the death-devoted train.

The Pow'r now form'd the coward's dwelling-place,
The ſeat of pain, and manſion of diſgrace:
Deep under earth he fix'd the drear abode,
Thro' which the rueful ſtream of anguiſh flow'd;
Loud roar the ſurges thro' the gulph profound,
While cavern'd echoes murmur back the ſound.
Cloſe at the gate ſat Death's terrific Maid,
Her meagre form in ſable weeds array'd;
A wreath of living ſnakes entwine her head,
And thus with ſhrilling voice the ſpectre ſaid:
'Haſte to my caves, ye impotent of heart,
'Who meanly ſhrink from valour's daring part,
'Ye too, who ling'ring on with feeble breath,
'Crept thro' the languor of old age to death.'

See on the horrid battle's bleeding plain
The raven-brood rejoicing o'er the ſlain!

Yet then in vain they gorge the grateful food,
Death ſmites them at the dire repaſt of blood;
When lo! their pinions to the wond'ring view
Combining, into one vaſt texture grew;
The gory heads conjoin'd in one dread fold,
Around the frame a griſly margin roll'd:
Now ſelf-upborne the ſable banner flings
Bold to the wind its wide-expanding wings;
'Exalt,' the Genius cries, 'thy plumes on high,
'Wave thy dark ſignal to the warrior's eye;
'Th' intrepid Youth beneath thy magic ſhade
'Thro' ſlaughter'd heaps to victory ſhall wade *.'

Now from a rock on which the Genius ſtood,
He mark'd below a ſlowly-waving wood,
Then rais'd his awful voice——'Hail, hallow'd gloo
'(Where Thought is rear'd, and Fancy decks her pl

* Tho' the Raven-banner is not mentioned in the Edda, it great antiquity; it was ſuppoſed to be endued with ſome m power, and to inſure ſucceſs.

'Who hold'ſt within thy vaſt ſequeſter'd bow'r
'A numerous train, that wait the rip'ning hour:
'Reſign thy charge, yield to demanding time,
'The living fathers of the Runic rhyme.'
Swift at his word the ancient ſire ſurvey'd,
Tumultuous ruſhing from the ſolemn ſhade,
Arm'd with the pow'rful harp, an ardent throng,
The mighty founders of the northern ſong.
'Twas then the Pow'r reſum'd—'Ye choſen band,
'At Nature's furnace take your faithful ſtand:
'There forge the verſe amidſt the fierceſt glow,
'And thence the thunderbolts of Genius throw;
'Rouſe, rouſe the tyrant from his flatt'ring dream,
'Full at his vices wield the daring theme,
'Till o'er his cheek ſhall flaſh intruding ſhame,
'That bluſhing dawn of Virtue's riſing flame.

'Now on the boſom of the liſt'ning Youth
'Impreſs, engrave the ſacred form of Truth;

' Bid them, as varying life unfolds to view,
' Be ſtill thro' all her ſcenes to honor true;
' True to the man on Friendſhip's liſt enroll'd,
' Th' entruſted ſecret of his ſoul untold:
' Woe to that Chief, and blaſted be his fame,
' Whoſe mean ſoul chills Affection's holy flame;
' Forgetting that he once, with zeal impreſs'd,
' Drank the pure drops that flow'd from Friendſhip's

' Now to the realm, ye hallow'd Bards, impart
' This truth, and touch with joy the human heart,
' In man's too tranſient periſhable frame
' A glowing unabating fire proclaim,
' Which, as that frame lies mould'ring into clay,
' Shall thro' th' encircling ruin burſt its way:
' Thus when a torrent of impetuous rain
' Drowns the low neſt that truſted to the plain;
' High ſoars the bird beyond Deſtruction's flow,
' And owns no kindred with the wreck below.

'Then o'er ſome ſtately tomb's dim entrance bend,
'And from the daring harp unerring ſend
'(As from the ſounding bow with vigour ſped)
'The darts of harmony that wake the dead.
'—Be too of prophecy the dreadful lords,
'And ſtrike the ſolemn, deep, myſterious chords;
'Skill'd to reveal futurity's dark laws,
'Inforce the ſong with many an awful pauſe.
'In ſounds that terrify the ſoul diſcloſe
'(Veil'd in the womb of time) deſtructive woes:
'Say whirlwinds ſhall provoke the roaring main;
'Say ſtars ſhall drop like glitt'ring gems of rain:
'Say Fenris, burſting from his time-worn chains,
'Shall bear wild horror thro' the Runic plains;
'Doom'd while the courſe of havoc he ſhall run,
'With jaws outſtretch'd to rend the falling ſun.
'Say the gigantic ſhip, the floating world,
'Shall, on the iron rock of ruin hurl'd,
'Sink—like a dream that, ruſhing from the mind,
'Leaves not a glimm'ring of its pomp behind

'Ye bold Enthuſiaſts, join the warlike train,
'When true to fame they ſeek the hoſtile plain;
'Bid the loud harp delight the valiant throng,
'And add the forceful eloquence of ſong.
'Thinn'd of his numbers, mark the ſtruggling Chief
'Encircled cloſe, and ſever'd from relief:
'Now ſtrike the cheering harp—'tis heard no more,
'Loſt in the conflict's wild encreaſing roar.
'Yet ſtrike again, yet ſtrike the note profound,
'I to the Chief will waft th' inſpiring ſound;
'Till thro' the preſſure of the battle's ſtorm,
'He o'er the ſlain a rugged path ſhall form.
'Thus on the main when frozen fragments fail,
'And with huge mounds oppoſe the giant whale;
'The ocean's lord, enrag'd at the delay,
'Thro' ſtubborn craſhing ice-rocks burſts his way.

'Now round ſome death-ſtruck Chief in ſilence thr
'While thus he breathes his own hiſtoric ſong:—

*Tho' gaſh'd with wounds, unwounded is my fame,*
*In the war's field I chas'd the flying game;*
*Wrapt in the jealous veil of ling'ring night,*
*Did we not chide the time's reluctant flight?*
*Did not our voices hail the morning ray,*
*Shouting the matins of th' important day?*
*When foreign ſtreamers glitter'd to our view,*
*How ſwift our weapons from the ſcabbards flew!*
*'Twas joy to ſee the riven helmets fly,*
*'Twas joy to ſwell confuſion's thund'ring cry,*
*'Twas joy to ſee (extending all around)*
*The hoſtile banners ſpread the lowly ground;*
*Methought the Daniſh field, thus mantled o'er,*
*Heav'd conſcious of the gorgeous robe it wore.*

'Thus as the Chief ſhall mitigate his pain *,
'With choral voice relieve the pauſing ſtrain:
'Now, now again your ſoothing tones ſuſpend,
'And o'er the dying Chief attentive bend.

* See the notes the Reverend Mr. JOHNSTONE has added to his tranſlation of the Death-ſong of LODBROC.

*Ruſh'd we not forth, at valour's daring call,*
*To cruſh the forces of the Chriſtian Gaul?*
*Ruſh'd we not forth in terrible attire,*
*To celebrate the maſs of war a length'ning quire?*
*Our glitt'ring ſwords, impatient of the fight,*
*Were the dread relics that adorn'd the rite.*
*But agony returns—my fading breath*
*Denies expreſſion to the ſong of death.*
*Farewell—ye battle-ſifters hover nigh,*
*Receive your prize—and waft my ſoul on high!*

'Now ere he ſinks beneath the blow of fate,
'Reveal the honors of his future ſtate;
'Where to his wond'ring viſion ſhall expand,
'Adorn'd with heroes, a refulgent land.

'Ye glowing maſters of the Scaldic ſong *,
'Still other pow'rful gifts to you belong:

* In the firſt rude ages rocks and trees ſupplied the ma writing, and on them were inſcribed the rudiments of tha trees thus marked were held in veneration, and were even b incloſe ſome ſupernatural agent.

'The lofty pine that meets the mountain gale,
'Th' expanding oak that crowns the lowly vale,
'Shall as your fingers touch the furrow'd rind,
'Diſplay the treaſures of the muſing mind:
'There by the voice of whiſp'ring Nature call'd,
'In future times ſhall ſtand the youthful SCALD,
'There ſhall he meditate the Runic ſtore,
'There woo the ſcience of the tuneful lore;
'There view the tree with ſpeechleſs wonder fraught,
'Whoſe womb myſterious bears the Poet's thought;
'There (from the buſy world's inceſſant din)
'Inhale the breathings of the Pow'r within.

'Enough—the pow'r I now beſtow enjoy,
'In Virtue's cauſe the forceful harp employ:
'Go forth, ye glorious conquerors of the mind,
'Atchieve the hallow'd taſk to you aſſign'd:
'Applaud the valiant, and the baſe controul,
'Diſturb, exalt, enchant the human ſoul.'

Thus to his Minſtrels ſpoke the awful Pow'r—
The warm Enthuſiaſts own th' inſpiring hour;
And now dividing into many a band,
Strew their wild poetry o'er all the land:
So while deſcending with reſiſtleſs tide,
The ſnow-flood hurries down the mountain's ſide,
The ſun, bright ſailing 'midſt his ardent beams,
Melts the rude havoc into various ſtreams;
Which ruſhing thro' the naked vales below,
Rouſe vegetation as they roughly flow;
Till a new ſcene o'erſpreads the teeming earth,
And ſmiling Nature hails the ſummer's birth.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

# PART THE SECOND.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The temple of UPSAL was deſtroyed by INGO, 1075— a Chriſtian cathedral was erected on its ruins fourſcore years after. At the introduction of Chriſtianity, the interpoſition of angels and the appearance of ghoſts grew familiar to the SCANDINAVIAN poetry, which was afterwards enriched by allegories, and by the acceſſion of new images, which flowed to it through various channels, particularly from the Eaſt.—*See* RICHARDSON'S *Diſſertation.*

When colleges were founded, and the general attention was directed to claſſical learning, the wild conceptions of the Scaldic minſtrels gradually fell into diſuſe.——This ſhort Analyſis contains the ſubject of the following pages.

THE

# RISE AND FALL

OF THE

# *NORTHERN POETRY.*

## PART II.

THE gaudy dome to Pagan worſhip known,
By INGO's zealous hand at length o'erthrown;
O'er the long-reaching ruins ſtill rever'd,
The Gothic pile its form majeſtic rear'd.
The fretted columns of ambitious height,
And bulk enormous, fix th' aſtoniſh'd ſight;
And as they boldly riſe on either hand,
Like kindred giants in dread phalanx ſtand:
While thro' the iſles that ſtretch a length'ning way,
The umber'd windows ſhed terrific day.

Amidſt the wonders of the new abode,
The burſting organ ſeem'd itſelf a god!
Diffuſing its magnificence of ſound,
And ſending to the ſoul its note profound.

Th' admiring numbers next the altar view'd,
Crown'd with the image of the holy Rood,
Diſplaying the ſublime awards of Heav'n,
A bleeding Deity—a world forgiv'n.—
The awe-ſtruck Bards ſtood bound as with a ſpell,
While from their graſp the chill'd harp lifeleſs fell:
The lowly valley, and the hill ſublime,
Echoed no more the battle-breathing rhyme.
Thus an eclipſe by terror's hand imbrown'd,
Wrapt in concealment the poetic ground;
But time at length the hov'ring veil withdrew,
When all the gorgeous ſcenery burſt to view.
The Genius joy'd to ſee his ancient ſtore
Enrich'd with many a form unknown before.

The clouds recede, while op'ning ſkies diſplay
Th' angelic hierarchy in proud array:
Rank riſing above rank in order due,
The ſplendid conſiſtory meets his view.

Now ſpirits of another form appear,
And from the yawning graves their ſhadows rear!
Here glides a ghaſtly ſhade, intent to ſhed
A ſcene of terror round the murd'rer's bed:
There, 'midſt the ſolemn ſilence of the night,
Beneath the half-veil'd moon's reluctant light,
The ſhade of buried DENMARK ſtalks along,
Fraught with his woes, indignant of his wrong.

See, from yon infant's tomb, aſcend to ſight
A little form attir'd in pureſt white:
She meets the mother bending o'er the tomb,
And wailing her lov'd girl's untimely doom.
'Hail to thy grief!' the gentle viſion cries,
'Hail to thoſe tears that trickle from thine eyes:

'Too feeling parent, mitigate thy pain,
'Nor waſte thy life beneath this gloomy fane:
'Ah know, thy child with angels ſoars on high,
'In the bright manſions of the upper ſky,
'And deck'd with wings that glitter to the ray,
'Plays on the ſun-beams of eternal day:
'Paſs a few years, to Heav'n's dread will reſign'd,
'And thou ſhalt leave all ſorrow far behind;
'The bliſs I now enjoy thou ſhalt obtain,
'And e'en MARIA ſhall be thine again.'

At length, o'erſpreading the poetic land,
Advanc'd the various allegoric band:
Firſt on a flow'r-clad hill ſublimely high,
Whoſe brow aſpiring ruſh'd into the ſky,
Hope with a cheering aſpect took her ſtand,
A radiant pencil glitt'ring in her hand,
With this ſhe colours the dark clouds that low'r,
And threaten man with rude misfortune's ſhow'r.

Then Celibacy came, in cloiſters bred,
A ſluggiſh, ſhard-born form, with duſt o'erſpread:
Dead to the bliſs that ſocial life beſtows,
Dead to the bliſs that from affection flows,
Dead to the blandiſhments of female pow'r,
He ſchools the prieſthood in his iron bow'r.

Then Grace—the Hebe of the Chriſtian ſky,
With ſmiling lip and comfort-beaming eye!
Th' angelic numbers from their thrones above
Stoop'd to behold this object of their love:
Thus the full hoſt of ſtars in cloudleſs night
Gaze on the earth from their ethereal height.

His meagre form now Diſappointment rears,
His cheek deep-channel'd with inceſſant tears,
Trailing, as ſtill he treads the thorny plain,
Of blaſted hopes the long immeaſurable chain.

Now Conſcience enter'd on the trembling ſcene,
And to the bad diſclos'd her with'ring mien:
But chiefly when the death-watch ſtrikes the ear,
This dread recorder of the paſt draws near:
Ere ſick'ning GERTRUDE fell to death a prey *,
(Tradition ſtill repeats the moral lay)
To goad the boſom of that impious dame,
To the pale ſuff'rer's couch prompt Conſcience came,
Like a dire necromancer ſkill'd to raiſe
Th' accuſing ghoſts of her departed days!
Her lab'ring heart ſent forth diſtraction's ſigh,
As on the Prieſt ſhe caſt th' imploring eye:
Then to the Croſs (while tears her boſom lave)
The kiſs of terror, not of love, ſhe gave:
Now, yielding to th' acceſs of wild deſpair,
She ſhrieks, and rends with ſavage graſp her hair:
Now to reflection's gentler pow'r conſign'd,
Long plaintive tones denote her troubled mind:

* Queen of DENMARK, and mother to HAMLET.

At length, ſad ſpectacle of wrath divine!
The high-born wretch expires *without a ſign* *.

On the dire battle's late-enſanguin'd plain,
Morality ſtood muſing o'er the ſlain!
Yet then the mourner rais'd her drooping head,
And thus with ſacred energy ſhe ſaid:
'Here—where the fatal ſcenes of ſlaughter end,
'Where hoſtile nations in dread union blend,
'Where ſleep the great, the daring, and the proud,
'Amidſt this ſilent ſolitary crowd,
'Bid the young monarch quench ambition's flame,
'And 'gainſt his paſſions daring war proclaim.'

Thus came th' inſtructive allegoric train,
To ſwell the triumph of the Scaldic reign:
The Genius now beheld a ghaſtly crowd,
Borne thro' the mid air on the evening cloud:

* See HENRY the VIth. the death of CARDINAL BEAUFORD.

The ſable pageantry (when near) diſplay'd
Th' unhallow'd form of many a horrid ſhade.
Envelop'd in a robe of darkeſt hue,
The half-exiſting phantom burſt to view;
From out the robe a death's-head ſeem'd to riſe,
Thro' which tremendous glar'd two fulgent eyes.
* He too of dreadful fame, th' alarming ſpright,
The unnam'd lonely wand'rer of the night,
Whoſe ſhriek, profaning the repoſe around,
Foreboded death to him who heard the ſound.
With wings outſtretch'd the Gryphon next was ſeen,
Half-eagle, lion-half, a form obſcene:
To theſe th' innumerable hoſt adjoin'd
Of ſhapes uncouth, the tyrants of the mind,
Matchleſs in force, and ſplenetic of mood,
The family of death, and terror's brood.

* The whiſtler ſhrill, that whoſo hears doth dy.
SPENSER, Canto 12. B. 2d.
The time has been my ſenſes would have cool'd to hear a *night-ſhriek*. MACBETH, Act v. Scene 5.

The moon now launching on th' expanſe of night,
Exulting ſail'd amidſt a flood of light:
Along whoſe beams (diminutive of ſize)
A ſhip aerial glided thro' the ſkies:
Which as it rode reſplendent from afar,
Aſſum'd th' appearance of a ſhooting ſtar!
The playful Goſſimer ſupplied the ſail,
Swell'd by the preſſure of the panting gale:
The deck was peopled by a ſprightly band,
The little progeny from fairy land!

The ſcene now chang'd—the mountain heav'd a groan,
The bending foreſt breath'd a ſullen moan:
When lo three Lapland hags, ſelf-pois'd on high,
Of hideous aſpect, ſtruck the wond'ring eye!
Their implements of art aloft they bear,
And (like the low'ring cloud that loads the air)
They ſpread the texture of the fatal loom,
While grim night blackens to a deeper gloom.

Theſe forms were welcom'd, as they paſs'd along,
By ſavage howlings of the wolf-dog throng.
Diſaſtrous ravens to this groupe repair,
And bats, the fiends that haunt the darken'd air;
And owls the groupe purſue with heavy flight,
Prophets of woe, and harpies of the night;
And they who 'midſt the ſtorm exulting ſoar,
And they whoſe talons reek with infants' gore.

See from their height the haggard ſhapes deſcend,
And to the ocean's ſhore their footſteps bend;
Where cavern'd deep in conclave dim they dwell,
There utter the dread curſe, there breathe the ſpell!
Hoſtile to man, their machinations frame,
And act the unhallow'd *deed without a name.*

Thus have we ſketch'd, with faint imperfect hand,
The forms that peopled the poetic land,
Aerial forms (by glowing fiction dreſs'd)
Who rais'd to joy, or aw'd the human breaſt.

At length, theſe viſions fading on the ſight,
* A new creation roſe at once to light;
As from a gulph the new creation ſprung,
On which the claſſic beams their ſplendor flung;
While on the land which late we wander'd o'er,
Where wild invention watch'd her growing ſtore,
Where (thro' rich vales) with ſwelling ſurges bold,
The flood of poetry reſiſtleſs roll'd!
O'er which the gliſt'ning rays of fancy play'd,
And near whoſe banks the human paſſions ſtray'd,
On this rude ſcene of wonder and delight,
In evil moment ruſh'd eternal night.

* The univerſity of Copenhagen was founded by CHRISTIERN, who died 1481.—MALLET's Hiſtory of Denmark, vol. vi. p. 443.

# *ABELARD* TO *ELOISA:*

## A POEM.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Monaſtery of CLUNI, from whence ABELARD is ſuppoſed to write the following Epiſtle, was founded in the year 611, near the village of Maſcon, on the river Graone. The Head of this convent (in the time of ABELARD) was diſtinguiſhed for his learning and humanity. Hiſtory elevates him above the vulgar herd of monks, by the appellation of the Venerable PETER! He extended his generous protection to the unfortunate ABELARD, when he was under the cenſure of the court of Rome.

SAINT BERNARD alſo is connected with the ſtory of Paraclete. This great man ſtands eminently forward in the picture of the twelfth century: Born with a mind too reſtleſs and enterpriſing to be confined within the circle of monaſtic occupations, he ruſhed into the tumult of active life, and took the lead in ſome of the moſt important tranſactions of that period. With an undiſciplined ardour peculiar to his character, he precipitated his country into that ruinous meaſure, the ſecond cruſade. Behold him at another time haſtening to the conteſt that held all EUROPE in ſuſpence, which exhibited two contending candidates for the popedom. The authority and vehemence of BERNARD overpowered the pretenſions of ANACLETUS, and INNOCENT was ſeated on the papal throne. The enemies of this celebrated Abbot never impeached his moral character; but it muſt be allowed

that in his zeal againſt the innovation of new opinions, he has ſometimes left unregarded the ſuperior duty of charity. A letter of his to the Cardinal GUIDO, the pope's legate in France, contains the moſt intolerant and ſanguinary counſel.

ABELARD in the following Epiſtle lays a conſiderable ſtreſs upon his ſentence of excommunication: In the dark ages, that ſpiritual humiliation was felt as the greateſt calamity; the relation, the parent, the lover, the friend, ſuſpended their endearing offices, and withdrew from the degraded offender.

THE following Poem has been diſtinguiſhed by a beautiful ſonnet, inſerted in a volume of Poems that does honour to modern poetry, by Mr. Taylor, a gentleman whoſe commendation is a paſſport to Fame, except where it is directed (as in the preſent inſtance) by the amiable bias of friendſhip.

## *ABELARD* TO *ELOISA.*

YON midnight bell, that frights the peaceful air!
Commands the Fathers to their wonted pray'r:
Now in long order flows the ſable throng,
Like a dark, ſullen ſtream that creeps along:
Why joins not ABELARD the ſainted train?
Does torpid ſloth his ling'ring ſteps detain?
Theſe walls, that pillow ſteep'd in tears, atteſt
That ſleep is exil'd from this tortur'd breaſt:
This lamp proclaims the ſame, whoſe trembling beam
Guides while my hand purſues the glowing theme:
While the dread ſecret from my ſoul I tear,
And unreſerv'd my boſom'd feelings bare.
Ah me! the paſſion that my ſoul miſled
Was check'd, not conquer'd; buried, but not dead:

Now burſting from the grave, in evil hour,
It haſtens to its prey with fiercer pow'r,
And, vulture-like, with appetite increas'd
It riots on the undiminiſh'd feaſt.
Daughter of Paraclete doſt thou complain
In iron ſilence that I lock'd my pain?
That not to thee (ſoft ſolacer in woe)
I bad the troubled waves of Anguiſh flow?
Methought the courſe of three long years' retreat
Would ſcarce thy length'ning ſacrifice complete:
Methought I ſhould profane the hallow'd rite,
Did my laments thy pitying ear affright:
Thus at the altar, wrapt in holy dread,
The youth of Macedon in ſilence bled,
Nor from his tortur'd and conſuming hand
Diſmiſs'd the living cloſe-adhering brand *.

* Alluding to the boy at Athens, who, while he was affi at a religious ceremony, endured a burning coal that fell on his h rather than diſturb the ſacrifice.

But now thy ſlow inauguration's o'er,
And thou haſt reach'd Religion's tranquil ſhore,
Now that ſtern habit throws without controul
Her chain of adamant around thy ſoul,
May not th' unhappy ABELARD diſcloſe
(To her who pities moſt) his train of woes?

Ye ſullen gates, within whoſe bound confin'd,
The wretch who enters flings his joys behind!
Emerging from the dome, ye crowding ſpires,
Which ſun-robed glitter like aſcending fires!
That funeral ſpot with many a cypreſs ſpread,
Where ſhriek the ſpirits of the guilty dead!
Yon moping foreſt, whoſe extenſive ſway
Admits no lucid interval of day,
No cheering viſta with a trail of light
Flies thro' the heavy gloom of laſting night!
Ye hermitages, deep immers'd in wood,
Waſh'd by the paſſing tributary flood,

Whoſe eaſy waves, ſoft-murm'ring as they roll,
Lull the ſtrong goadings of the feeling ſoul!
Ye tow'ring rocks, to wonder's eye addreſs'd,
Miſhapen piles by Terror's hand impreſs'd!—
Ah, not theſe ſcenes magnificently rude
To Virtue's lore have ABELARD ſubdued.

When late my ſteps drew near the peopled choir,
What erring wiſhes did my heart inſpire?
To the deep myſteries as I advanced,
Still in thy preſence was my ſoul entranced:
While, bending to the earth, the choral throng
Pauſe, ere they uſher the emphatic ſong;
While kneeling ſeraphs, trembling as they glow,
Veil with their radiant wings their baſhful brow;
While the deep organ (as by fear controul'd)
Its ſolemn ſound like diſtant thunder roll'd;
While thick'ning odours dimm'd the dread abode,
And th' altar ſhudder'd at th' approaching God!—

'Midſt theſe auguſt, terrific rites unmov'd,
My guilty thoughts to other altars rov'd:
In Love enchas'd, a dearer image bleſt
That living chapel, my impaſſion'd breaſt!
Where burns a hungry and inſatiate flame
To that ſoft deity I bluſh to name.
Thoſe hours to recollection ſpring renew'd,
When Paſſion urg'd us, and when Pleaſure woo'd;
When, captur'd by Deſire's voluptuous hold,
Involv'd—combin'd—embodied—and inſoul'd—
Forbear.... Let dim Oblivion caſt behind,
Words that would ſoil thy purity of mind:
Recal, recal that intereſting hour,
When in the fluſh of Youth, and Beauty's flow'r,
(Ah! doom'd, ſeverely doom'd, to meet no more)
When from each dearer ſelf our forms we tore,
How, to Affection's finer touch conſign'd,
My face upon thy ſummer cheek inclin'd,
Felt as it dropt thy tear's celeſtial dew,
While ſighs, not words, breath'd forth our laſt adieu.

Intruding Fancy rais'd the veil between,
And ſhew'd Futurity's unwelcome ſcene,
Nights of long abſence that expect no dawn,
Divorcing gulphs that muſt for ever yawn.
In thy pure ſoul a purer ſelf I trac'd,
Our glowing minds with energy embrac'd,
Whence th' intellectual progeny aroſe
Which kindred fears and kindred hopes compoſe,
Endearments tending to one mutual aim,
The ſame our ſorrow, and our joy the ſame.

Now that thy ſpirit is divinely wrought,
To nobler objects flies thy ſoaring thought;
For free and unreſtrain'd of human ties,
Thy ſoul uncaptiv'd ſprings into the ſkies!
To Contemplation's height ſublime you ſail,
While wings ſeraphic aid the hallow'd gale;
From man to God! Perfection's dazzling ſource,
Unwearied you purſue your bright'ning courſe,

And as thro' ſtation'd angels you advance,
Send on the throne of Heav'n a daring glance.
For me, unequal to this dizzy height,
Undiſciplin'd, unwing'd for myſtic flight,
To ſpeed the ling'ring ſtep of cloyſter hours,
To ſcience I conſign'd my mental pow'rs:
Fame met me in her path, and round my brow
Engarlanded the flow'rs of brighteſt glow.
Then ſwell'd, diſturb'd with Envy's with'ring pow'r,
The ſerpent BERNARD hiſs'd within my bow'r,
Pour'd the black venom with inſidious aim,
Chill'd my ſoul's health, and dimm'd my radiant name:
Still, ſtill inventing ſome malignant plan;
Impetuous, turbulent, vindictive man!
Behind the ſimple, meek, monaſtic veſt,
Ambition blazes in his troubled breaſt.
Averſe amid the penſive ſhades to dwell,
He ſhuns the ſtillneſs of the lonely cell,
Embroils the conteſts that involve thegreat,
Deepens the ſtorm that darkens o'er the ſtate,

And like the bird of Jove, by vengeance driv'n,
Bears in his graſp th' artillery of Heav'n!
See ANACLE'TUS, trembling at his frown,
To INNOCENT reſign the doubtful crown:
Mark, at the impulſe of his bold command,
The throng that haſtens to the palmy land:
See to his gaudy levee crouds reſort;
See the gay tinſel'd foplings of the court:
There too the hoary ſages of the law,
And military chiefs approach with awe;
There abbots, princes, cardinals, advance,
And all the ſplendor, all the pride of France.

As not unworthy of his ſainted rage,
Now meaner objects tread his buſy ſtage;
He bids thy ABELARD aſcend the ſcene,
And pours the torrent of his holy ſpleen:
Then Perſecution, with reſiſtleſs ſway,
Thro' her long-ſounding flood-gates burſt away;

Her armory the Vatican diſplay'd,
In all its proud magnificence array'd;
From whence abrupt th' avenging Pontiff ſprung,
And at my peace the bolt of terror flung:
While o'er her victim (to diſhonour led)
Her cloud of iron extirpation ſpread.

Now the pale outcaſt both of Heav'n and earth,
I curs'd the day that glimmer'd on my birth:
Degraded—ſhunn'd—to infamy allied,
Amidſt the ruins of my ſoul I cried,
No more my image to her thought adjoin'd
Shall ſhare the heav'n of ELOISA's mind:
No more (I cried) my reprobated name
Shall from her lips its daily honour claim,
No longer to the throne of GOD repair,
Borne on the wings of her triumphant pray'r.
Now frenzy urg'd my wild'ring ſteps to rove
Beneath the night of yon extenſive grove:

Now urg'd along the mountain's top to range
(Deſpair ſtill haunting me thro' ev'ry change)
To tread th' advent'rous path that winds the brow
Which ſcowls tremendous o'er the vale below:
Then to the ſummit of yon rock I toil'd,
That ſhoots its crags fantaſtically wild!
There ruſh'd upon my view the hallow'd croſs,
Cloath'd in the garb of venerable moſs!
This wonted pledge of mercy and delight
Struck on my fading hope a dark'ning blight;
No more the ſaving all-atoning rood
The griſly ſymbol of revenge it ſtood!
Loſt in the extacy of ſtrong deſpair,
With madd'ning hand I tore my rooted hair.—
'Twas then the ſeer of warm compaſſion came
To lull my tortures and diſpel my ſhame:
"Deſiſt," the Prieſt of Charity began,
"And own once more the dignity of man!
"No longer Rome and ABELARD are foes,
"The thunders of the Vatican repoſe;

" The holy church, by my remonſtrance won,
" Graſps to her boſom her ſtill darling ſon."
Hail to the tidings of that cheering voice
That bids the humbled ABELARD rejoice!
That bids his image, to her thought rejoin'd,
Still ſhare the heav'n of ELOISA's mind.

No more thy perſon (that attractive ſigh,)
Diffuſing round ineffable delight,
Nor thy diſcourſe, illum'd with Wiſdom's ray,
Which with ſoft rapine ſteals the ſoul away:
That eye, where meek Dominion holds her throne;
That voice, where Muſic ſmooths her ſofteſt tone;
By liberal Nature prodigally giv'n,
(What words can't paint) that ſmile of opening Heav'n:
Theſe various charms, that paſs all human praiſe,
Theſe charms that once adorn'd my happier days,
No more ſhall I behold—'tis folly to complain,
Thoſe days of ſplendor ne'er muſt riſe again.

Adieu, thou miſtreſs of enchanting pow'r!
Thou bliſsful viſion of a tranſient hour!
For ſuch appears (to Fancy ſtill how dear!)
The ſloping race of Rapture's ſwift career,
When Heav'n enforcing its benign decree,
With laviſh bounty gave thy form to me.

Hope now is dead, and Pleaſure's knell is rung;
With ſable thoughts my dreary mind is hung.
'Twas at the hour when from the ſorrowing view
The glowing God of day his beams withdrew,
When Veſper all her pageantry diſplay'd,
Fretting the ſky with many an awful ſhade:
Here trees appear'd that ſtruggled with the ſtorm,
There a wan cloud aſſum'd a ſpectre's form:
A ſolitary hand here graſp'd a ſpear,
There angry meteors combated in air:
Now riding on the wind with threat'ning mien,
The dark, terrific phantom Death was ſeen:

From a thick vapour's dread unfolding womb
Now bodied forth the likeneſs of a tomb:
Thy form, Oh ELOISE! I clearly traced,
Thine airy arms the ſepulchre embraced:
That mimic tomb my early fate foreſhews,
While my ſoul labours with prophetic throes:
Now cloſes faſt my ſhort diſaſtrous day,
To life's dark boundary I haſte away.
The virtuous CLUNI ſtill relieves my pains,
To thee will he convey my cold remains:
This kind aſſurance mitigates my doom,
Thou'lt ſtand the guardian angel at my tomb:
Clos'd be this form in ELOISA's fane,
She'll ſigh my requiem with a Lover's ſtrain:
Oft to my grave with ſorrowful delight
Will ſhe repair, as glooms the thick'ning night:
Burſt from thy cloud, Oh Cynthia! burſt away,
The holy ſhadow of her frame diſplay!
Let the ſoft texture of her length'ning ſhade
Repoſe along the ſpot where mine is laid!

Were thus her preſence to my wiſhes giv'n,
Death would rejoice, my grave would then be Heav'n!

Forgive this laſt effuſion of a heart
Which Love and Nature form'd, unſtain'd by Art;
Which midſt the fears that wait on Death's decree,
With all its wonted ardor darts to thee.

Prepare, prepare for that relentleſs day
When the dark hearſe this form ſhall bear away!
When, to the fane of Paraclete convey'd,
My humble bier ſhall at thy feet be laid:
Prepare, prepare—throw back the veſtal gate,
Receive the victim of untimely fate:
Receive the man misfortune held to view,
Still mid his woes invariably true:
The warm enthuſiaſt (now from paſſion free)
Whoſe life was one continued hymn to thee.
Prepare, prepare—yet check the burſting moan,
Thou to compaſſion exquiſitely prone!

Left glowing ſympathy, with Death at ſtrife,
Should kindle my cold aſhes into life,
And my rous'd voice, invading Nature's laws,
Breathe in loud accents terrible applauſe.

THE

## *AFRICAN BOY.*

AH, tell me, *little mournful* Moor,
Why ſtill you linger on the ſhore?
Haſte to your play-mates, haſte away,
Nor loiter here with fond delay:
When Morn unveil'd her radiant eye,
You hail'd me as I wander'd by;
Returning at th' approach of Eve,
Your meek ſalute I ſtill receive.

" *Benign Enquirer*, thou ſhalt know
Why here my loneſome moments flow:
'Tis ſaid thy Countrymen (no more
Like rav'ning ſharks that haunt the ſhore)

Return to bleſs, to raiſe, to cheer,
And pay *Compaſſion's long arrear.*

" Tis ſaid the num'rous Captive Train,
Late bound by the degrading Chain,
Triumphant come, with ſwelling ſails,
'Mid ſmiling ſkies, and weſtern gales;
They come with feſtive heart and glee,
Their hands unſhackled—minds as free;
They come, at Mercy's great command,
To re-poſſeſs their native land.

" The gales that o'er the Ocean ſtray,
And chaſe the waves in gentle play,
Methinks they whiſper as they fly,
JUELLEN *ſoon will meet thine eye!*
'Tis this that ſooths her little Son,
Blends all his wiſhes into one:

Ah! were I claſp'd in her embrace,
I wou'd forgive her paſt diſgrace:
Forgive the memorable hour
She fell a prey to tyrant pow'r;
Forgive her loſt, diſtracted air,
Her ſorrowing voice, her kneeling pray'r;
The ſuppliant tears that gall'd her cheek,
And laſt, her agonizing ſhriek.
Lock'd in her hair, a ruthleſs hand
Trail'd her along the flinty ſtrand;
A ruffian train, with clamours rude,
The impious ſpectacle purſu'd:
Still as ſhe mov'd, in accents wild,
She cried aloud, *My child! my child!*
The lofty bark ſhe now aſcends;
With ſcreams of woe, the air ſhe rends:
The veſſel leſs'ning from the ſhore,
Her piteous wails I heard no more;

Now as I ſtretch'd my laſt ſurvey,
Her diſtant form diſſolv'd away.

" That day is paſt: I ceaſe to mourn—
Succeeding joy ſhall have its turn;
Beſide the hoarſe-reſounding deep
A pleaſing anxious watch I keep:
For when the morning clouds ſhall break,
And darts of day the darkneſs ſtreak,
Perchance along the glitt'ring main,
(Oh, may this hope not throb in vain!)
To meet theſe long deſiring eyes,
JUELLEN and the Sun may riſe."

# ENTHUSIASM:

## A POEM,

## IN TWO PARTS.

# ADVERTISEMENT

## TO THE FIRST EDITION.

In endeavouring to diſplay the good and bad effects occaſioned by Enthuſiaſm, I might have drawn many ſignal inſtances from that inexhauſtible mine, the Greek and Roman ſtory; but it appeared to me more eligible to work upon materials hewn from the modern quarry only: the ſubject, thus treated, I conceived would come more home to the feelings of the reader. With regard to the execution, that reſts entirely on the judgment of the Public, into whoſe preſence I now enter, impreſſed with a mingled ſenſation of hope and apprehenſion.

# ENTHUSIASM.

## PART I.

BEYOND th' exalted ſun's meridian ſite,
Beyond the glimm'ring ſtars ethereal height,
A brighter realm immortal ſpring diſplays,
Mid the ſoft breathing of unclouded days:
Where ſacred minds to virtue high allied,
Aerial beings, orient forms abide,
Seraphic people! miniſters of grace,
Prompt to defend and cheer the human race:
The mighty mother Earth, who bears mankind,
Is to their care and guardian pow'r conſign'd.
When claſhing waves ſwell high, and angry Fate
Toſſes the lab'ring veſſel of the ſtate,

The choſen Angel of th' appointed realm
Haſtes from his throne, and graſps the trembling helm:
To ſome the honor'd privilege is giv'n
To waft the clay-diveſted ſoul to heav'n,
Weed from the feeling heart the riſing ſigh,
And ſweep with viewleſs hand the clouded eye:
Each in his turn deſcending from above,
Performs the generous miniſtry of love.

Behold, ſuperior to the ſun-rob'd quire,
A female Form to regal pow'r aſpire!
High on a throne, in brighter beams array'd,
Reigns in full pomp th' Enthuſiaſtic Maid!
Daughter of Energy, who boldly leads
The hallow'd few to great and ſplendid deeds:
Who urges man the ſteep aſcent to climb,
And lifts the ſoul to virtue's height ſublime.
Thus when of late to fam'd Iberia's coaſt *
Sail'd o'er the wond'ring main th' unnumber'd hoſt,

* GIBRALTAR.

Swift from her ſeat th' impatient Goddeſs ſprung,
And o'er the ſpot with anxious boſom hung,
Till ſhedding on her ſons, to fame conſign'd,
Some emanation of her dauntleſs mind,
She ſaw the valiant long-enduring band
(Whoſe fall confederated nations plann'd)
Atchieve that deed which time ſhall ſtill revere,
That Britiſh miracle to glory dear!

Long had th' Enthuſiaſt held her rank ſupreme,
Belov'd, ador'd, of every voice the theme;
At length the blaſt of ſatire dimm'd the rays,
Whoſe ſoft effulgence play'd around her praiſe:
The throne encircling frequent murmurs flew,
And buſy charges trimm'd in motley hue:
Yet then, confiding in her god-like plan,
Which warms, invigorates, and hallows man,
She dares her foes, ſhe dares the hoſtile train
To ſhake the pillars of her ſtedfaſt reign:

Urg'd by her innate energy to meet
The gath'ring war, ſhe quits her lofty ſeat,
At Reaſon's bar preſents her holy form,
Provokes the thund'rers, and demands the ſtorm.

A living creſcent the bright pow'rs diſplay,
Rank above rank in terrible array:
While trembling ſilence breathes upon the train,
And expectation throbs in ev'ry vein;
Amid this ſcene th' accuſing Angel roſe,
On his ſtern brow bold indignation glows;
Some troubling viſion, with diſaſter fraught,
Employs, detains, alarms his wond'ring thought:
—"What riſing ſtructure ruſhes on my ſight,
Of bulk enormous, of aſpiring height *?

* The ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY, conſiſting of four hundred thouſand manuſcripts, was burnt in the ſixth century, by the order of OMAR; whoſe enthuſiaſtic zeal for his religion forced from him this memorable ſaying: "If the books contain only what is in the CORAN "they are uſeleſs, and dangerous if they contain any thing elſe."

Th' Enthuſiaſt, haſt'ning thro' the regal porch,
Waves in the eye of day a raging torch:
See (impious ſpectacle!) ſhe fires the pile,
And hails the ſparkles with a greedy ſmile:
Wide and more wide th' imparted flame extends,
And now in dreadful victory aſcends.
Not ſumptuous palaces, not awful fanes,
Nor of old time the proud, auguſt remains,
Not airy villas, nor majeſtic tow'rs,
High maſſive bulwarks, nor gay pleaſure's bow'rs,
But to th' unhallow'd blaze I ſee conſign'd
The ſplendid temple of the Poet's mind.
Ah! lov'd TYRTÆUS *, tow'ring ſon of fame,
Thy pages ſhrivel at th' inſatiate flame:
The glorious workings of thy pregnant heart,
The ſallies from the inmoſt breaſt that ſtart,
Eloquent threats that lawleſs pow'r controul,
Thy burſts of rage, and vehemence of ſoul.

* TYRTÆUS reanimated the dejected minds of the SPARTANS with the irreſiſtible power of his poetry, accompanied by the harp.

Unrivall'd leader of th' ecſtatic train,
Farewell (for ever loſt) thy forceful ſtrain;
Farewell (for ever loſt) the Spartan ſong,
Which rouz'd to conqueſt the dejected throng:
Did not deſpondence, like a gath'ring ſhow'r,
Hang o'er thy countrymen in evil hour?
Say, did ſhe not her fenny pinions ſpread,
And on each boſom chilling fear-drops ſhed?
Thou like the ſun a cheerful radiance threw,
And from the ſoil the noxious vapour drew,
Till the fall'n ſoul, upriſing from her death,
Inhales once more th' invigorating breath.
Thy voice—'Tis Honor's call on Virtue's train:
Thy voice—Yes, Sparta hears th' inſpiring ſtrain;
To that vindictive with bold ſtep ſhe ſpeeds,
And reaps the harveſt of immortal deeds!

Unrivall'd leader of th' ecſtatic quire,
Peace to the manes of thy martial lyre,

If peace can be while with licentious pow'r
The hungry fires thy laſt remains devour:
Methinks thy lucid, unſubſtantial frame
Now hovers o'er the wide deſtructive flame;
I ſee thee toſs thine airy arms on high,
I hear at times thy ſhrill, deſpairing cry:
So the fond mother-bird, alarm'd, diſtreſt,
Indignant flutters round her peopled neſt,
While (piteous ſight!) a ruthleſs hand invades,
And bears away the muſic of the ſhades.

See to the dome (thro' many an age rever'd)
Which for her ſons the hand of Science rear'd,
The fiery deluge rolls with threat'ning roar,
And ſweeps away the long-collected ſtore:
Alluring apologues addreſs'd to youth,
Pure maxims moulded in the breaſt of truth,
Warm from the holy lips of ſages breath'd,
Rich moral legacies to man bequeath'd!

Celeſtial thoughts, which (like the fav'ring gales
Whoſe gentle preſſure ſwells the gladſome ſails)
Waft the dejected mind, with toil o'erſpent,
To the gay-winding harbor of content.

Now Hiſtory with a heart-felt ſigh ſurveys
Her themes, her annals, midſt the ſounding blaze:
Fame ſmiles no more, but with an alter'd mien
Stands trembling at deſtruction's growing ſcene:
At length, deſcending like a low-hung cloud,
Oblivion o'er the waſte expands her ſhroud,
Beneath whoſe dark'ning canopy is caſt
The fond remembrance of tranſactions paſt:
Of youthful warriors, who, by glory led,
Bold in the clam'rous van of danger bled,
Who, midſt the ſtorms of ſtate and home-born wars,
Gleam'd thro' the thick'ning ſhade like morning ſtars,
Till flung untimely from their radiant height,
Down, down they hurried to eternal night:
Of patriots, who, to honor cloſe allied,
*In times diſaſtrous* ſtood their country's pride;

How theſe ſublime ſtate-columns, tempeſt-proof,
Upheld, midſt burſting clouds, the ſacred roof,
Firm to their cauſe, and obſtinately great,
No voice of mortal ever ſhall relate:
Nor ſhall the voice of mortal e'er diſplay,
Or annals uſher to the eye of day,
The various orders of the female train
Diffus'd like flow'rets o'er the ſmiling plain,
Who, like thoſe flow'rets in their beauty's glow,
Were ſwept untimely by the ſcythe of woe.

Here then, to keen reflection's crowded eye,
As in a deep ſepulchral manſion lie,
In iron ſlumber wrapt, and dread repoſe,
A train of human virtues, human woes:
This moral loſs the world muſt now ſuſtain,
Swells o'er the boundary of domeſtic pain,
Calls down the guſhes of the bleeding mind,
And claims th' expanſive ſorrow of mankind."

He ceas'd.—A Seraph, to his cauſe allied,
And firm to battle on th' accuſing ſide,
Reſum'd the theme! his arm exalted high,
A wild fire flaſhing from his pregnant eye—
" What numerous fugitives arreſt my view *,
Their cheek diſcolour'd with dejection's hue?
What ruthleſs pow'r the wanton act decreed?
What led the monarch to this deſp'rate deed?
Behold—th' Enthuſiaſt at the regal chair
Breathes her inflaming whiſpers on his ear:
Now, now ſhe urges his reluctant hand
To ratify the terrible command:
O hapleſs, loſt, exterminated race,
What can atone this unprovok'd diſgrace?
Ye venerable men with ſilver hair,
Gall'd by the heavy yoke of thornful care,
With dauntleſs ſoul, enſhrin'd in feeble forms,
Ye meet the thunders of the ruſhing ſtorms,

* Alluding to the revocation of the Edict of NANTES, in conſequence of which the HUGONOTS quitted the kingdom.

Prompt a bold war for virtue's ſake to wage
Againſt the comforts of repoſing age:
Friends, honors, kindred, country ye diſclaim,
The ſmiles of patronage, the wreaths of fame,
Firm to endure the perſecuting rod,
And in th' abyſs of grief to ſeek your God.
Ye too, ye Fair, on virtue's liſt enroll'd,
Whom Nature faſhion'd in her ſofter mould,
In pale adverſity's rude ſcience vers'd,
Your feeling ſoul with ſorrow's dart tranſpierc'd,
I ſee you ſlowly move, a length'ning train,
Far from the bounds of your domeſtic plain:
Imagination renovates the hour
Ye fell the victims of relentleſs pow'r,
How ſtill ye linger'd on your native ſtrand,
Enclos'd by Friendſhip's ſmall but ardent band;
How as ye wept, careſſing and careſs'd,
Your babes were raviſh'd from your throbbing breaſt.

But now, intruding on my wond'ring ſight,
My ſtrong abhorrence other ſcenes excite.

Beneath the roof, where Death's chill banners ſpread,
An agonizing Fair reclines her head:
Around the mournful couch of languor ſtand
(In hallow'd veſtment) a monaſtic band!
Yet not to act affection's ſacred part,
With lenient hand to draw the rankling dart,
Thro' hope's gay perſpective command to riſe
A ſoothing proſpect of the opening ſkies;
Ah! not for heav'nly charity's beſt end
The gloomy fathers o'er the ſuff'rer bend,
But from th' alarm'd reluctant mind to wreſt
The coy aſſentment to the hateful Teſt *.

At this the mourner lifts her drooping head —
'While here I languiſh on affliction's bed,
Say, is it thus ye miniſter relief,
And whiſper comfort to the ſoul of grief?

* This relates to a penal law which confiſcated the eſtates of thoſe who did not, at their deaths, renounce the reformed religion.—See SAURIN'S SERMONS, vol. i. page 152.

When haraſs'd nature, with herſelf at ſtrife,
The laſt gleam fading on the lamp of life,
When to the ſtorm ſucceeds the welcome calm,
When angel hands reach out the victor's palm,
Muſt I that bliſs, that heav'nly prize forego,
And whelm my ſpirit in immortal woe?
Yet then my infants, by pale Famine led,
Muſt aſk from Pity's hand the ſcanty bread;
Methinks I ſee them now expos'd to ſcorn,
Their little boſoms pierc'd with ſorrow's thorn:
Oh, what an image to a mother's ſight!
The view tranſports me into madd'ning fright;
I yield, I yield, unfold the fatal creed,
And Mercy from his thought efface the deed!'

At theſe dread words, that clos'd th' eventful ſcene,
Religion bluſh'd, and veil'd her awful mien:
Yet on the crime, from tyrant edicts born,
By nature from the dying mother torn,

Wrung from the boſom, by diſtraction riv'n,
Forgiveneſs dropt the holy tear of Heav'n.

Now to my view, by terrors undiſmay'd,
The glory of the prieſthood ſtands diſplay'd!
The virtuous Paſtor * of the ſuff'ring race,
Proud of his wrongs, and patient of diſgrace:
Him the unhappy fugitives encloſe,
While thus he ſpeaks — 'Ye partners of my woes,
Oh ſtrenuous found in perſecution's day,
Ye faithful, dear companions of my way,
I now behold you as the ſnow-wing'd dove,
Expell'd the ancient manſions of her love,
Whoſe plumes, while clouds o'ercanopy her flight,
Aſſume the ſplendor of a purer white.
Does not dim obloquy attaint our birth?
Are not our temples levell'd with the earth?

* JAMES SAURIN, the celebrated preacher at the HAGUE, where he reſided ſeveral years, and was at once the edification and comfort of his exiled brethren.

Are not our kindred, friends, in fetters bound,
Plung'd in the terrors of the cavern'd ground?
And we, meek victims, as we paſs'd along,
Endur'd we not the loud upbraiding throng,
While the looſe ſoldiery added to theſe woes
With jeering inſults and degrading blows?
It ſeem'd as nature mark'd us for diſgrace,
The outcaſt offals of the human race.
Oh thou *, by all theſe horrors unappall'd,
Whom with delight I Royal Maſter call'd,
Thou, to remembrance now no longer dear,
Whom as the ſcourge of Heav'n I ſtill revere,
Farewell! — Thou too, by partial Fortune bleſt,
All Nature's off'rings breathing at thy breaſt,
Thrice happy FRANCE, farewell! — theſe eyes no more
Shall view thy charms, that ſpread from ſhore to ſhore:
Thy harveſts waving with a ſtately pride,
Thy vintage bluſhing on the mountain's ſide;

* LEWIS XIV.

Original and ſelf-exuberant ſoil,
Refuſing nothing to the hand of toil;
And where the Arts, a bright harmonious band,
Refine, exalt, and decorate the land;
Where Mirth, the native of thy ſocial bow'rs,
Sheds on each lip his faſcinating pow'rs;
With thee may bliſs ſtill undiminiſh'd dwell,
Hail, Oh my country, and a laſt farewell!'

The Paſtor ceas'd. — Then ſorrow burſt its bound,
With fervent lips ſome kiſs'd their parent-ground;
Some, with the ſame tormenting thought impreſt,
Tore the wild graſs and flow'rets from her breaſt,
To bear a relic of their natal plain
To ſcenes unknown, and realms beyond the main.
So firm, ſo pow'rful on the heart of man
(Above inconſtancy's relenting plan)
Is fix'd, enthron'd by Nature's hallow'd hand,
The glowing paſſion of his native land.

Theſe are the evils (woe ſucceeding woe)
Which from th' Enthuſiaſt in long order flow:
Yet not for theſe does terror daunt her ſoul,
Mark that proud eye impatient of controul,
See riding on that brow imperial will,
And Tyranny, the miniſter of ill.
Let then reſentment fierce, terrific, loud,
Burſt like the thunder from the rifted cloud:
The courſe of her devaſting ſteps I've run;
My journey's o'er, the mournful tale is done."

END OF THE FIRST PART.

# ENTHUSIASM.

## PART II.

Now roſe a Seraph, by affection led,
A wreathing glory hovers o'er his head,
His flowing accents ſpotleſs candour own'd,
And on his brow ſat Energy enthron'd:
He ſpeaks—"The vulture haſt'ning to his prey,
With ſounding pinions wins his diſtant way,
Regardleſs of the charms that Nature's hand
In gay profuſion ſcatters o'er the land,
And, ſummon'd by the peſtilential gale,
Speeds to the carcaſe feſt'ring in the vale:
So theſe accuſers in their rav'ning mood
Appear to emulate the gory brood,

Unmindful of the virtues that ſurround
The ſpot on which their cenſures moſt abound.

Now deeds long paſt like exhalations roll,
Now nearer move, now open on the ſoul:
I ſee the pale-ey'd citizens convene,
In Hiſt'ry's drama, high-recorded ſcene *!
The dread reſolve from EDWARD's boſom ſprung,
Wild conſternation o'er their counſels flung:
With chilling, blood-recoiling thoughts impreſt,
Entrancing terror deadens ev'ry breaſt.
At length from out the ſilent depth emerg'd
An ardent Chief, by glory's impulſe urg'd:
Th' Enthuſiaſt wraps him in her wak'ning fires,
And thus he utters what her ſoul inſpires:

* EDWARD III. was ſo exaſperated at the long and gallant reſiſtance he met with from the citizens of CALAIS, that he threatened to put all the inhabitants to the ſword: he deſiſted from this atrocious deſign, on the condition that ſix perſons ſhould be ſent to him for the purpoſe of immediate execution. He required that they ſhould approach his preſence bare-footed, cloathed in mourning, with ropes round their necks.

'Ye firm aſſociates in the higheſt cauſe,
On whom poſterity will ſhow'r applauſe,
Who, while calamity ſeverely reign'd,
Well the long labours of the ſiege ſuſtain'd!
Deign to accept what my affections give,
And bid your kindred, friends, and children live:
This, this will cheer me in the trying hour,
When I ſhall bend at the ſtern tyrant's pow'r,
And the doom'd victim (as his rage decreed)
On the pure altar of my country bleed:
Ah! ſhould my ſtrong forebodings tell me true,
Paſs one ſwift moment, theſe glad eyes ſhall view
The deſtin'd number of the victims riſe,
To ſwell the rites of patriot ſacrifice!'—
Theſe words prophetic were not ardor's rant,
Five kindred boſoms warm for glory pant,
Theſe youths th' Enthuſiaſt, ſev'ring from the reſt,
Informs, and breathes herſelf into their breaſt;
And now, envelop'd in her active flame,
The daring chiefs the pond'rous honor claim.

See, thro' th' applauſes of the grateful throng,
The ſelf-devoted heroes move along:
To EUSTACE now advanc'd a beauteous Maid,
In the rude garb of negligence array'd,
Her auburn treſſes ruffling to the wind,
Her eye expreſſive of her tortur'd mind:
Say, deſp'rate Youth,' the wild'ring Fair exclaim'd,
'What dire conception has thy boſom fram'd?
Oh, death-importing ſcenery! ſight abhorr'd!
Whence this attire, this ignominious cord?
Impell'd by frenzy, whither doſt thou tend?
Relent, relent, thine impious ſteps ſuſpend!'—
With a calm fortitude the Chieftain ſaid,
'The path that climbs to honor's height I tread:
Theſe joyful loud acclaims that rend the air
Wouldſt thou convert to howlings of deſpair?
Ev'n love commands—with eager ſtep I go,
To ſhield CLOTILDA from impending woe.'
'What peace,' ſhe anſwers, 'can I thence derive?
The lover murder'd, ſay can joy ſurvive?

While famine, ſickneſs, terrors I endur'd,
Was this the future bliſs that hope aſſur'd?
To length'ning care, to ſorrow ſtill allied,
Behold CLOTILDA ſtands Misfortune's bride!
Had Mercy, heav'n-deſcending Mercy, ſtole
Her gentle radiance o'er the conqu'ror's ſoul,
This day, eſcap'd from wide affliction's wreck,
This day might I, reclining on thy neck,
Have utter'd EDWARD's praiſe — that thought is flown,
And each fond project of my heart o'erthrown.
When from thy wound I drew the Britiſh dart,
And with theſe lips embalm'd th' envenom'd part,
Would that the poiſon like a ſubtile flame
Had ſcorch'd my entrails, and diſſolv'd my frame!'
She ceas'd — her eye emits a weaker glance,
While her dim reaſon fades into a trance:
The Youth, as if indignant of delay,
Drops her pale hand, and turns abrupt away:
Then to the partners of his fate he cried,
'Ye willing victims, to my ſoul allied,

Forgive, if paſſion's all-ſubduing pow'r
Dare to profane this high important hour;
Now, free of weakneſs, clear of love's controul,
I lead the way that runs to virtue's goal.'

Arriv'd at EDWARD's tent, the dauntleſs Youth
Reſum'd — 'Inveſted in this garb uncouth,
If, at thy bidding, thus we meet thine eye,
For grace (the coward's hope) we heave no ſigh;
Since acts of ſlaughter are thy ſoul's beſt food,
Oh, gorge thy rav'ning appetite of blood!' —
Now with the glowing Youths, of equal mind,
In one reſolve, one hope, one peril join'd,
He ſtands, unaw'd by death, ſublimely great,
True to his cauſe, rejoicing in his fate.

But other ſcenes of high illuſtrious fame
Burſt on my ſoul, impatient of their claim:
Behold! th' Enthuſiaſt, freedom to regain,
Leads her ſtern Barons o'er *the ſacred Plain*;

To the proud Monarch they exclaim — 'Thy hand
Has touch'd the hallow'd ark that wiſdom plan'd;
The bending ſeer, with ſorrow's weight oppreſt,
Who beats in his deſpair his wither'd breaſt,
Shall ſooner from his tortur'd mind efface
The wretch who plung'd his daughter in diſgrace,
Who in his ſight compell'd her to his arms,
And rudely raviſh'd her untaſted charms,
Than we forgive thy violating pow'r,
That wreſted Freedom from her native bow'r.'
They ſpoke — each battle-axe, now rear'd on high,
(Catching the ſplendor of th' unclouded ſky)
Caſt on th' illumin'd field a ſudden light,
Whoſe rapid flaſh o'erpower'd the monarch's ſight:
Upbraiding thoughts his wav'ring mind aſſail'd,
And fear, the tyrant's curſe, his aſpect pal'd:
At length he ſeals, with mean, reluctant ſoul,
(To BRITAIN ever dear) th' immortal Roll.
Now thro' diſcloſing ſkies th' angelic train
Pour on th' enraptur'd ear the choral ſtrain:

'Be cheerful praiſe, be ſalutations paid,
And hymns ſymphonious, to the godlike Maid,
Whoſe energy reſiſts the tyrant's plan:
Joy be to Saints, and liberty to Man!'—

From Time's dark gulph, revolving back to light,
What new-born image ruſhes on my ſight?
The bold COLUMBUS dedicates his ſail
To the wild breathing of a ſtranger gale:
Th' Enthuſiaſt bids his dauntleſs ſoul explore
Realms unreveal'd, and ſeas unplough'd before:
The hour now ripening in the womb of time,
Th' inſpir'd adventurer reach'd the point ſublime,
The long-obſcuring veil for him was furl'd,
And on his viſion burſt another world!
Ecſtatic Wonder heard the proud event,
And o'er the ocean the glad tidings ſent:
Then Induſtry, as by electric ſtroke,
From her enduring ſleep inſtinctive broke:

With brighteſt omens of her future reign,
This better VENUS riſing from the main,
Saw from all harbours, ruſhing with the tide,
Unnumber'd veſſels at her beck'ning glide:
Did it not ſeem as if the ſever'd earth,
Like two fair ſiſters parted from their birth,
Acknowledging at length their kindred race,
Felt the warm tranſport of a firſt embrace?

Now the ſame age a different ſcene preſents,
And the bold viſion labours with events:
Methinks I ſee, extending wide around,
A tow'ring wood with crowding leaves imbrown'd;
Beneath whoſe vaſt diſplay of deadly ſhade
Her liſtleſs length lethargic EUROPE laid:
There Superſtition her deep plan deſign'd
Againſt the awful ſanctuary of the mind:
There the wan ſorcereſs, haggard fiend of hell,
Midſt her dim orgies mutter'd the dread ſpell.

The ſun abhors to pour his radiant flood
O'er the dumb horror of the ſlumb'ring wood;
Yet thro' the gloom of ſacerdotal night
One peerleſs ſtar reveals a cheerful light:
Ah! why in myſtic ſtrains eclipſe his name?
Demand, Oh! LUTHER, thine unbounded fame:
Advance, advance, thou elder ſon of Truth,
Sublime, all-daring, reſtleſs, ardent youth!
I now behold th' enthuſiaſtic Maid
Ruſhing impetuous to her fav'rite's aid:
She reaches to his lips a cup of fire,
Whoſe living drops the leaping pulſe inſpire.
Revealing now his miſſion from the ſkies,
He utters to the torpid world — 'Ariſe!'
The ſullen foreſt, wrapt in tenfold night,
Swift thro' a thouſand viſtas drinks the light:
Th' impriſon'd tenants burſt the mental tomb,
While from their eyes recedes the maſſive gloom;
The flaky clouds admit an orient ray,
And laughing Morn unlocks the gates of day.

Prompt Apprehenſion ſends her view around,
While her bold thoughts o'erleap their former bound,
And Joy proclaims throughout th' applauding earth
The hallow'd feſtival of Reaſon's birth.

Now the couch'd mind reveals its ſpotleſs eye,
Weak to ſuſtain the ſplendor of the ſky,
Till ſtrength'ning at th' irradiating gleam,
It meets unblenching Truth's refulgent beam:
So when the keenly-glitt'ring darts of light
Pierce the looſe film that dims the eaglet's ſight,
Firſt with an ignorant and coy ſurvey
The dazzled bird admires the ſtranger day,
Then glancing on the ſun with tow'ring gaze,
Kindles his viſion at the noon-tide blaze.

Meek Toleration, heav'n-deſcending Maid,
A vernal rainbow glitt'ring o'er her head,
Smooths the rough path deſtructive feet have trac'd,
Adorns and peoples Perſecution's waſte:

She, like the FLORA of the Pagan reign,
Sprinkles with roſes the enamell'd plain,
Bids ev'ry flow'r of ev'ry clime ariſe,
And freely breathe its incenſe to the ſkies.

See Superſtition, madd'ning at th' alarm,
Extend, in thunder cloath'd, her threat'ning arm,
But with'ring at the heart ſhe rues the hour,
That harſhly ſevers her diminiſh'd pow'r:
Thus as the ſerpent, ſleeping on the plain,
Feels the rude preſſure of the loaded wain,
With apt revenge, and indignation ſtung,
She rears her creſt, and darts her fiery tongue;
But impotent of rage, her trailing wound
She languiſhingly ſweeps along the ground."

Here clos'd the Seraph his illuſtrious theme,
Which on his audience flaſh'd conviction's beam.
— And now th' Enthuſiaſt, with her hand high-rear'd,
Expreſs'd a look demanding to be heard:

The circling Hierarchy, with one acclaim,
Urge her to vindicate her injur'd fame:
She, to their judgment fearleſsly conſign'd,
Thus pour'd th' effuſion of her glowing mind:—

" Bold on a tow'ring rock, with ſoul elate,
I ſaw BRITANNIA ſit in regal ſtate,
Around the globe ſhe threw her vaſt ſurvey,
And mark'd the realms devoted to her ſway:
Her Weſtern clime, her Oriental reign,
Her glory's theatre th' unbounded main:
I thus addreſs'd her—' Hail, immortal Dame,
Who, high-exalted, crowd'ſt the ſeat of fame,
Suſpend the thoughts of thine imperial ſtate,
And liſten to th' event that heaves with fate—
A proſp'rous mother (ſo did Heav'n ordain)
Bleſs'd and ennobled by a numerous train,
Beheld (a ſtranger to affection's tie)
Her youngeſt born with a diſclaiming eye,

And, breaking looſe from ev'ry moral band,
Stretch'd o'er th' innocuous babe an iron hand,
And, hard'ning in her wrath, the helpleſs child
Was from her preſence and her thought exil'd:
This little outcaſt lately I ſurvey'd,
As mid the flow'rets of the wild he play'd,
Artleſs and gay, himſelf the wilder flow'r,
Bare to the with'ring heat and quenching ſhow'r.'

BRITANNIA quick return'd, with loud acclaim,
'Oh piteous infant! Oh inhuman Dame!
Where, where does ſhe abide, that I may dart
The ſhaft of death into her wolfiſh heart?'

'Twas then I added, with indignant air,
'Diſmiſs thy threats, thy warm reſentment ſpare,
Or droop thyſelf beneath a flood of ſhame,
Thine, thine the child, and thou th' inhuman Dame.'
I ſaid—and throwing back my flowing veſt,
Diſclos'd the infant clinging at my breaſt:

'Behold,' I cried, 'this flow'ret of the wild,
This orphan nurſling, this rejected child,
Mark how around his brow of virtue's mold
The ſigns of greatneſs dare ev'n now unfold;
How on the vigorous eye the morning ray
Preludes the ſplendor of meridian day:
Oh! doom'd to act what Heaven's dread thought devis
Thou at the font of Energy baptiz'd,
Marvellous infant! doom'd to act my plan,
AMERICANUS, haſten into man!" ——"

'Enough,' th' abruptly-riſing Quire exclaim,
'Aſpire, Enthuſiaſt, to thy wonted fame;
Thy virtues, claims, and eminence we own,
Reſume thy dignities, aſcend thy throne:
Still to frail man thy daring ſtrength impart,
Still flame th' incentive Seraph of his heart;
And when the ſcenes of earth ſhall fade away,
And man ſhall need no more thy active ray,

Then, ſacred object of our praiſeful theme,
Bright emanation of th' eternal beam,
Thou ſhalt regain thy native, dread abode,
And glow for ever in the breaſt of God!'

THE

## ROOKERY.

O H thou who dwell'ſt upon the bough,
Whoſe tree now waves its verdant brow,
And bending ſhades the murm'ring brook,
Liſt to my woes, dear ſiſter Rook!
And when thou'ſt heard my mournful lay
Extend thy wing, and haſte away;
Leſt pinion-maim'd by fiery ſhot,
Thou ſhou'dſt like me bewail thy lot;
Leſt in thy Rookery be renew'd
The tragic ſcene which here I view'd.

The day declin'd, the evening breeze
Gently rock'd the ſilent trees,

While ſpreading o'er my peopled neſt
I huſh'd my callow young to reſt;
When ſuddenly an hoſtile ſound,
Exploſion dire! was heard around;
And, level'd by the hand of fate,
The flying deaths transfix'd my mate;
I ſaw him fall from ſpray to ſpray,
Till on the diſtant ground he lay,
With tortur'd wing he beat the plain,
And never call'd to me again.

Many a neighbour, many a friend,
Deform'd with wounds, invok'd their end;
Loud uttering omen'd ſounds of woe
'Gainſt man, our unrelenting foe.
Theſe eyes beheld my little brood
Fluttering in their guiltleſs blood,
While trembling on the ſhatter'd tree
At length the gun invaded me;

But wayward fate, ſeverely kind,
Refus'd the death I wiſh'd to find,
Oh! farewell pleaſure, peace farewell!
And with the gory Raven dwell.
Was it for this I ſhunn'd retreat,
And fix'd near man my ſocial ſeat?
For this deſtroy'd the inſect train,
That eat unſeen the infant grain?
For this I cheer'd (with many a note
Reſounding from my artleſs throat)
Yon dowager of reverend mien?
Who dignifies the rural ſcene!

## TINTERN ABBEY*.

MARK this lone ſeat, by Contemplation plann'd,
This awful relick of monaſtic day:
Beneath the touch of Time's reluctant hand
Slow mould'ring in the ſilence of decay.

Nature her ſhelt'ring moſs around has thrown,
As if in pity of the fading pile,
And ev'n to cheer what ſorrow calls her own
On ruin's brow has bid her flow'rets ſmile.

The rifted arch from all connection ſtarts,
The proſtrate pillars ſtretch along the vale,
Yet mid the wreck of correſponding parts,
'One column ſtands to tell the mournful tale.'

* See the account of Tintern Abbey by the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, in his Obſervations upon the River Wye.

TO THE

## BARON NOLCKEN,

THE SWEDISH AMBASSADOR,

*ON HIS SUDDEN RECALL.*

THINE the applauſe which (to long merit due
Thoſe judges pay who are to honor true:
Still, as before, thou art to all endear'd,
Depos'd, yet courted, and tho' fall'n rever'd.

The following Lines were addreſſed to the late Lady HERVEY, mother of the Earl of BRISTOL, a lady diſtinguiſhed for her erudition and refined taſte. Her houſe was the receptacle of elegance and celebrity, and was a kind of paſsport to fame. Our Author was fortunate in an early introduction to a Lady, on whoſe liſt of acquaintance were found the names of LYTTLETON, CHESTERFIELD, MELCOMBE, MARCHMONT, MANSFIELD, BOLINGBROKE, HUME, GARRICK, &c. And he has mentioned to us, with a recollective complacency, his having baſked (to uſe his own expreſſion) in the ſun-ſet of thoſe eminent perſonages.—*Note of the Editor.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## LADY HERVEY.

LATE in the Graces' annals have I read
The myrtle wreath adorn'd your youthful head;
That you unrival'd trod th' Idalian green,
And that the Loves elected you their Queen:
Of jealous time deſpiſe the trivial harm,
Still by your wit you conquer, reign, and charm;
The learn'd throughout the realm your genius own,
And HERVEY only has exchang'd her throne!

# MARGARET OF ANJOU,

## AN HISTORICAL INTERLUDE.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Hiſtorical Interlude is formed upon the plan that ROUSSEAU compoſed his PYGMALION, which is a new ſpecies of Dramatic Entertainment, conſiſting chiefly of a monologue, that is often ſuſpended by the interpoſition of muſic.

The following little Drama was written for (that ornament of the Stage) Mrs. POPE, who performed it on the night of her benefit. This Interlude has alſo been performed at BRANDENBURGH Houſe: the part of MARGARET received from the theatrical abilities of her Serene Highneſs the Margravine the richeſt colouring and the moſt impreſſive truth of expreſſion.

The ſubject is taken from a remarkable incident in the life of MARGARET.—That unfortunate Queen, flying with her Son into a foreſt after the battle of HEXHAM, ſaw a Robber approach with his naked ſword; and finding that ſhe had no means of eſcaping, ſhe ſuddenly embraced the reſolution of *truſting entirely* for protection to his generoſity. The man,

whoſe humanity and generous ſpirit had been obſcured, not entirely loſt, by his vicious courſe of life, was ſtruck with the ſingularity of the event, and charmed with the confidence repoſed in him; and he vowed not only to abſtain from all injury againſt the Queen, 'but to devote himſelf entirely to her ſafety 'and protection.' HUME.

N. B.—*The aſteriſks mark the pauſes that admit the muſic.*

# CHARACTERS.

OFFICER.

PEASANT.

EDWY, the Robber.

EDWARD, the Prince of WALES.

MARGARET.

# MARGARET of ANJOU.

SCENE, A FOREST.

*Enter* OFFICER *wounded, and a* PEASANT.

OFFICER.

THE battle's loſt, the rebel arms prevail!
Confuſion and precipitating rout
Urge our diſtracted troops.—The King is ſlain.
Impell'd by fear, the Queen flew to this foreſt,
In order to conceal her little child.

PEASANT.

Shall I not lead you to my humble cottage,
There on a peaceful couch to bathe your wound?

OFFICER.

Ah! rather lead me to the deep receſs
Of *this broad foreſt*; haply I may find

My royal Miſtreſs. Better I endure
The pang that guſhes from this gaping wound,
Than my mind's torture for the hapleſs Queen. [*Exeunt*

*Enter* MARGARET *and her* SON.

The fierce purſuers will not here perchance
Diſcover us: the thick-inwoven umbrage
Of theſe gigantic trees will ſpread concealment:
Yet as their ſolemn branches wave, ſtrange fear
Poſſeſſes me: yet all is ſtill as night.
The ſhouts of rebel victory are loſt
And fade away, ere they can pierce theſe ſhades.
Ah! what a victory! He whoſe meek ſway
Solicited his people's grateful love,
My HENRY! England's monarch, is no more!
While I, a wretched outcaſt of the throne,
Rove deſolate amid theſe ſavage walks,
Of ev'ry comfort, ev'ry hope bereft:

*(To her Child.)*

But thou, [illegible] ſtill art mine! Ah lay

Thy weary limbs on yonder bank, and I
Will watch beſide thee.

*(Leads him to a Bank.)*

***

He ſleeps unconſcious of the dire diſtreſs
That hovers o'er his head. Kind Ignorance!
That drops her veil before his infant eyes:
Yet as he bloſſoms into youth, the hand
Of Time, with-drawing back the veil, ſhall offer
To his diſtracted view a throne o'erturn'd
And floating in the blood of all his friends.
Ah what a ſight! it urges me to madneſs.

***

Yet all that courage cou'd effect was done:
When wild Diſſenſion her torn banners rear'd,
Which inſolently wav'd o'er HENRY's head,
While he beneath their ſhade a captive ſtood,

I, feeble agent! hurried to the field,
And at that moment loſing all the fears
That haunt the female breaſt, I call'd to Loyalty
To ſnatch my HENRY from Rebellion's arm:
The valiant troops who then encircled me
On WAKEFIELD's day perform'd their duty well,
And on St. ALBAN's memorable plain
I ſaw defeated WARWICK wing his flight,
And reſcued HENRY haſten to theſe arms.

***

Yet what avail theſe momentary triumphs!
Ev'n while I ſpeak my faithful HENRY lies
Extended on the plain, deform'd with wounds,
While o'er his ſacred corſe the hoſtile band
Irreverently paſs, and with vile taunts
Upbraid his overthrow: nor was I preſent
To ſolace his laſt moments, catch the accents
Of his departing voice, and cloſe his fading eyes.

***

Th' illuſtrious youth on whoſe bright armour gleam'd
The morning ſun! of all that valiant train
Not one remains to guard yon helpleſs innocent.
— Darkneſs ſpreads: cold deſcending night-air chills
My boſom, while a murm'ring noiſe, that tells
The coming ſtorm, ſounds thro' the conſcious branches
Of this wood. Ah where ſhall I betake me?

*(Walking in a diſtracted manner.)*

If at ſome hamlet-door I knock, theſe robes
Will ſure betray me! and the ſtum that's ſet
Upon that Infant's head, ah! will it not
Invite the ſimple cottager to treachery?
Yet here to brave the ſtern inclement ſky,
With all the horrors of deſcending night,
My trembling heart refuſes. — I will lead
Him hence. Vain thought! Ah! to what ſtranger heart
Dare I confide my Son? Shou'd he be torn

From theſe weak arms, yes, well, too well I know,
This anxious heart wou'd at that moment burſt.

***

The Pow'r above, who ſees into the depth
Of my great ſorrow, knows that not to pride,
That not to Exaltation's gaudy honors
I e'er entruſted my felicity.
Amid the rude misfortunes that encircled me
The pulſe of pleaſure throbb'd within my breaſt
When I embrac'd my Son: of him bereft,
Calamity's ſharp fangs will tear my heart-ſtrings.
I feel, I feel her now, fell tygreſs, at
My boſom, gorging on my mangled peace!
Ye cruel ruffians, give me back my Son.
Ah me! wild fear foreruns my loſs, and joins
The future moment to the preſent time.

***

*(Kneeling.)*

Oh thou, all-ſeeing Providence, if e'er
The ſcenes on earth attract thy ſacred notice!
Then, let thy knowing, clear-diſcerning eye,
Whence radiant Pity beams, o'er my misfortune
Pauſe — And, thus humbly as I bend reſign'd,
Let, let my falling ruinous ſtate o'erwhelm
The Mother, but not cruſh the Child.

***

*(Riſing.)*

The night encreaſes, I muſt wake my Son:

*(Hanging fondly over him.)*

How ſleep poſſeſſes him! Perhaps this ſlumber
Is doom'd his laſt — perhaps — what do I ſee?
Stretch'd on a bier, methinks I ſee him gaſh'd
With daggers! —— Ah! 'twas fancy bodied forth
This cruel image: ſtill my EDWARD breathes,
And theſe fond arms embrace my living Child!

PRINCE.

Oh Mother, lead me hence——

MARGARET.

Say, whither ſhall

I lead my EDWARD?

PRINCE.

Lead me to my Father!

Why do you weep? Ah, wherefore not reply?

Say, is my Father ſlain?

MARGARET.

I know not that.

PRINCE.

Whence was that noiſe?

MARGARET.

It was the chiding gale:

*Ah no, it is the* ſound of hoſtile ſteps.

*Enter* ROBBER.

ROBBER.

Whoe'er thou art, I ſee thou'rt in diſtreſs;
I too am well acquainted with misfortune,
And greater ſtill than thine; for at my door
Pale Famine ſits, while ſtarving children ſend
A mournful peal: if aught thou haſt conceal'd
Within this wood, give me the hoarded treaſure.

MARGARET.

Ah, here is all my treaſure!

*(Pointing to her Child.)*

ROBBER.

Ceaſe to trifle—
Give me thy treaſure, or I'll ſlay thy Child.

MARGARET.

Arreſt that impious arm! He is thy Prince!

Talk not of want, of Miſery's ſcourging hand
Complain no more; in me, in me behold
Diſtreſsful MARG'RET, ENGLAND's vanquiſh'd Queen
And all the treaſure left her from the field,
The cruel havock of this morning's fight,
Is center'd in this Child.

ROBBER.

Thanks to my GOD,
I'm not ſo loſt in vice, ſo deep-ingulph'd
In woe, but that my Sovereign's diſtreſs
Obliterates my own.

MARGARET.

Is't poſſible?

ROBBER.

Ah! ceaſe to wonder at the words I ſpeak.
Of affluent parents born, my youth was rear'd
To virtue, letters, and to ſocial manners:

The ſacred ray that once illum'd my breaſt
Is ſhaded, not extinguiſh'd; and buried,
But not dead — I feel it now re-kindling
The warm functions of my ſoul, while loyalty
Renovates my love of virtue.

MARGARET.

Frankneſs
Like this ſolicits my belief.

ROBBER.

Forbear
To linger here, where dangers lurk around:
I'll lead thee thro' ſome dark and winding path-way
Of this wild foreſt, to a neighbouring river,
Where rides a bark, whoſe canvas courts the gales
That fly to other realms.

MARGARET.

Ah! muſt I then

Forſake this country? Is there no ſafety
But in exile?

ROBBER.

None! Behold how anarchy
With giant ſteps ſtalks o'er the trembling land!
At her approach the ſumptuous palace falls;
The Norman caſtle ſtretches its long ruin
Down the mountain's ſide. — With louder vehemen
The civil deluge rolls, and ruſhes thro'
The portals of the ſanctuary: The temples
Are profan'd, the hallowed walls diſmantled,
The choirs deform'd, the altars overthrown!
The miniſters amidſt their awful duties
Maſſacred, their ſnowy veſtments drench'd in blood!
Away, away, and ſhun theſe ſcenes of horror.

MARGARET.

Dethron'd, oppreſs'd, forſaken of all hope,
Can I, weak object! inſtigate their malice?

PRINCE.

Say, ſay, will not the ruffians ſpare my Mother?

ROBBER.

Endearing Youth! Ah, truſt not to their mercy:
The hungry wolf wou'd ſooner ſpare the lamb;
Their thoughts are lawleſs, daring, wild, and ſavage.
They'll tear that infant from thy clinging arms,
And baniſh him for ever from thy ſight;
While thou, deſerted by thy powerleſs friends,
Shalt wander forth, a trembling fugitive,
The pointed mockery of a lawleſs rabble!

MARGARET.

Oh, what a ſcene you picture to my view!

ROBBER.

Haſte, then, my royal Miſtreſs, haſte away!
The bark I lately mentioned is peopled,
Tho' by a ſmall, a brave, intrepid band,

Devoted to my ſervice! Their ſympathies
Will catch th' expanding flame that fires my ſoul;
That moves and urges me, in ſcorn of danger,
Even at the daring hazard of my life,
To ſave, protect, diſtreſsful Royalty!

MARGARET.

Generous Stranger! lead me to your veſſel:
Advance — direct the way. — I dare confide
Myſelf and my lov'd Child to your protection!
Reft of a crown, a huſband, ev'ry friend,
Amid this mighty ruin EDWARD lives,
And wretched MARGARET ſtill ſhall be a Mother!

[*Exeunt.*

## TO THE MEMORY

OF THE LATE

## LADY JERNINGHAM.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT COSSEY-HALL, NORFOLK, THE SEAT OF SIR WILLIAM JERNINGHAM, AUGUST THE 4TH, 1786.

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I.

THOU, to whoſe ſacred page the parting gueſt
Confides the workings of his grateful breaſt,
With awful pleaſure o'er thy form I bend,
My gift to bring — as brother, gueſt, and friend.
Farewell, ye ſhades! (ah! not to fame unknown)
Where Elegance has rear'd her attic throne:
Whoſe beauties, to the pure of taſte addreſs'd,
In Nature's charms munificently dreſs'd;
Whoſe ſoft amenity, with grace combin'd,
Diſplay the emblem of the maſter's mind:

Farewell! — Say, ſhall I not regret the bow'r
Where ſocial intercourſe endear'd the hour;
Where ſhe, whoſe footſteps bleſs this ſylvan ſeat,
The pride and miſtreſs of this calm retreat,
Her ſoul illum'd with Wiſdom's piercing beam,
Sheds round her circle the enlight'ning gleam!

II.

Ye ſcenes o'er which I caſt a ling'ring view,
O'er which affection breathes a warm adieu,
That hour I now recal with pleaſing pain,
Which gave your beauties to my wiſh again:
Yet then, as I approach'd your ſmiling ſhore,
Prompt expectation gladly flew before:
Wing'd with gay hope, as nearer ſtill I drew,
Hills, plains, and woods aſſum'd a brighter hue:
Soft-wreath'd in lilac veſtment, laughing May
With hailing aſpect met me on the way;
The various vale with eager ſteps I preſs'd,
Praiſe on my tongue, and tranſport in my breaſt:

O'er each lov'd ſpot I ſent a fond ſurvey,
Where in the morn of life I wont to ſtray;
The winding walks by memory endear'd,
Where with the growing plants my youth was rear'd,
Embow'ring ſhades, in whoſe deep gloom immers'd,
Reflection fed me, and the Muſes nurs'd,
And, ſcreening from my view ambition's ſky,
Pour'd other viſions on my raptur'd eye.

III.

Yet, Album, ere the willing taſk I leave,
Warm from the heart theſe cloſing lines receive.
'Twas at the hour to contemplation due,
When evening meekly from the world withdrew,
Beneath an aged oak, in penſive mood,
I Sorrow's ſolitary captive ſtood:
When, from the rifted trunk's obſcure receſs,
A voice breath'd forth, in accents of diſtreſs;
" Where! where is ſhe! of mild and rev'rend mien,
" Once the lov'd miſtreſs of this ſylvan ſcene?" —

" Fall'n—fall'n—fall'n—fall'n !"—a diſtant voice replied:
The branches ſhook, as if to ſenſe allied:
Wild Terror flung his ſtrong enchantment round,
And evening hurried into night profound!

Now fond remembrance turns a willing ſight,
To dwell on gayer ſcenes of paſt delight,
Pleas'd to behold her, midſt the poliſh'd train,
With grace, with dignity, her part ſuſtain.
To mild feſtivity by nature prone,
With inbred wit peculiarly her own,
Prompt ev'ry ſportive incident to ſeize,
Diffuſing pleaſure with a careleſs eaſe;
Of pow'r to charm invincibly poſſeſs'd,
Unfelt ſhe glided into every breaſt.
There are, who, fram'd with an enlighten'd taſte,
High on the critic form by judgment plac'd,
Who (marking well her ſenſe with ſtrength combin'd,
The ſcintillations of her playful mind,

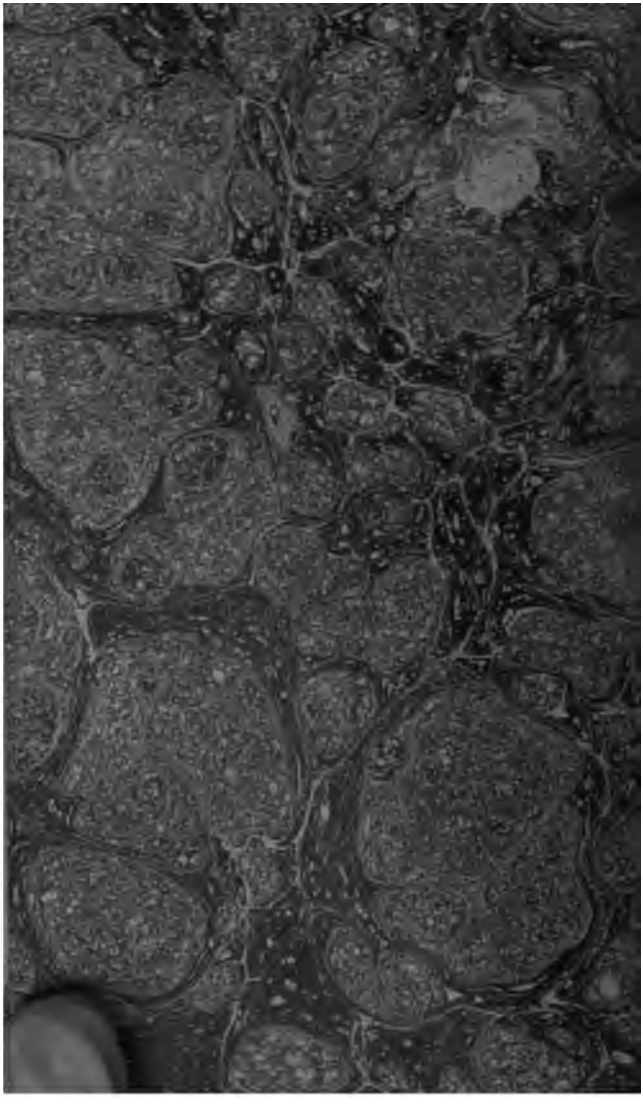
An aptitude that never lost its aim)
With brilliant SEVIGNE in wreathe her name.

To discontent, the vice of age, unknown,
Her chearfulness maintain'd its envied throne:
The gay, the old, the learned, and the young,
And they whose heart pure elegance had strung,
By the soft pow'r of her enchantment won,
Would oft the glare of throng'd assemblies shun,
To court her ready wit's enliv'ning beam,
And bask beneath its undulating gleam.

Yet oft from these unnotic'd would she steal,
To soothe the bed-rid stretch'd on Torture's wheel,
To smoothe the furrow on Misfortune's brow,
To warm the timid, and exalt the low;
With lenient hand administer relief,
And close the bleeding artery of grief.

Ah, ever dear! ah, venerable Shade!
Indulge this honor by Affection paid.
Enthron'd in bliss, ah! yet forbear to shun
This holy tribute from a zealous Son.
'Twas mine, attendant on thy evening ray,
To watch the sun-set of thy blameless day;
To see thee, weary of th' unequal strife,
Shed the faint glimm'rings of exhausted life;
And (heavenly Moralist, sublimely great!)
At the dread opening of thy future state,
Teach by example, to thy latest breath,
Meekness in pain, and fortitude in death;

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

BRITISH MUSEUM

*Luke Hansard*, printer,
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